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## HISTORY.

*The Life of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Author of "The Life and Times of Louis XIV." &c. 3 vols.

Two of these three bulky volumes are only introductory to the subject announced in the title-page, and which is despatched in a single volume. In truth, Mr. JAMES has, with the eye of a practised trader in authorship, sought only the most attractive title, caring little for its appropriateness. This is not properly what it is called, but a History of France, from the time of the death of FRANCIS, to the melancholy close of HENRY's career, by the knife of an assassin. But the announcement of a History in its own name would not be so taking with libraries and book-clubs as that of a biography, inasmuch as the former is read for instruction and the latter for amusement, so Mr. JAMES dropped the loftier, and adopted the lowlier title, prudently preferring cash to honour.

And the period selected is rich in materials either for the historian or the biographer. In "cramming" for his novels, Mr. JAMES was necessarily compelled to extensive researches among the copious "memoirs" and "correspondence" and "ana," with which the literature of France abounds. The facts thus gleaned he has arranged in chronological order, and thrown into a continuous narrative, dressing them in his own language, and so producing a work which is partly historical, partly biographical, wanting the formality of the first, but somewhat exceeding the anecdotal irregularity of the second. It will not be a standard book, but it will deserve to be read as among what is termed "the literature of the day," which one skims over and passes on, and never cares to see again.

A few specimens will suffice, and we take them indiscriminately. Here are anecdotes of

## THE BOYHOOD OF HENRY IV.

During their visit to the court of France, an incident occurred which is worthy of remark, as it connects itself with after-events in the life of Henry IV. The prince, then in his fifth year, entering a room where his father and the King of France were engaged, not in the most friendly conversation,

ran up to them, and attracted the attention of Henry II. by his grace and beauty. The monarch took him in his arms, kissed him, and asked, "Will you be my son?" The boy, however, pointed to the King of Navarre, replying, "No, that is my father." "Well, then, will you be my son-in-law?" demanded Henry." "Oh, yes, willingly," answered the prince; and we are assured, by some of the writers of the day, that from that hour his future marriage with the Princess Margaret was resolved upon by the two kings. Such engagements, indeed, are rarely regarded as binding by monarchs; and it is certain that, if a promise of his daughter's hand was really made by Henry at this time, it was only afterwards fulfilled by his son upon very different considerations from those which influenced himself. The death of Henry II. and the struggle of factions which I have already displayed, soon recalled the King of Navarre to the court of France, but his wife and son were left in Bearn; and instead of hearing that he had taken the place to which his rank entitled him in the council of the young French monarch, they soon received intimation that he had accepted the inferior and detrimental task of escorting the Princess Elizabeth, now married by proxy to the King of Spain, as far as the frontier of her husband's dominions. As the royal bride necessarily passed through the province of Guyenne and part of the territories of the King of Navarre, magnificent preparations were made for her reception by Jeanne d'Albret, who with her son advanced to the limits of Guyenne to meet her. Every sign of respect and affection was shewn to the princess; but the occasion was too favourable for marking the independent sovereignty of the King of Navarre in his wife's hereditary dominions, to be neglected. So long as the royal party remained in France, Anthony of Bourbon gave precedence in all things to the young Queen of Spain; but no sooner had they crossed the frontier of Navarre, than the first lodging marked out in each town they entered was reserved for the king himself, much to the indignation of the royal officers of France and Spain who accompanied Elizabeth on her journey. Even in passing through Upper Navarre, the same order was observed, the dispossessed monarch not being at all unwilling to revive his claim to the territory which he entered as a stranger, even in a point of ceremony. At Roncesvalles, to which place the Queen of Navarre and her son accompanied the unhappy Elizabeth, her French attendants left her, and she was delivered into the hands of the Spaniards; but, as if anticipating the dark and cheerless career before her, as the third wife of a cold and selfish tyrant, the unfortunate princess, while taking leave of the King of Navarre, fainted in his arms, and was with difficulty recalled to life. The mere duties of persons in high station are often as painful as the misfortunes of humbler individuals.

He was placed under the charge of a learned man, named La Gaucherie, himself firmly attached to the reformed religion. About this period also, or a little later, Victor Cayet, who afterwards became his chronologer, was first placed in attendance upon his person, and from him we derive some of the most interesting facts regarding the early life of the future monarch. We learn that he was at this time a very lively, quick, and beautiful boy, full of vigour and activity of mind and body, apt to receive instruction, and giving every promise of attaining great proficiency in letters. La Gaucherie took every pains to render the study of the learned languages agreeable to him; not teaching him in the ordinary method by filling his mind with long and laborious rules, difficult to remember, and still more difficult to apply, but following more the common course by which we acquire our maternal language, and storing his mind with a number of Greek and Latin sentences, which the prince afterwards wrote down and analysed. The first work which he seems to have translated regularly was Cæsar's Commentaries; a version of several books of which was seen by the biographer of the Duke of Nevers in his own handwriting; and his familiarity with the Greek was frequently shewn in the sports and pastimes of the court, where mottoes in the learned languages were frequently required.

It is customary for the historians and eulogists of great men to point out, after their acts have rendered the famous, those slight indications which sometimes in youth give promise of future eminence; and thus we are told the favourite motto of Henry in his boyhood was *ή νικάν ή αποθάνειν*, to conquer, or to die. The fact, however, is worthy of remark, not so much, perhaps, because it shewed the boy's aspirations for



opinion on either side of the question, and should judge strictly according to the evidence that would be presented to him. Mr. Hall commenced his operations upon a young female, a nurse in the family of Mr. Wright, a highly respectable tradesman of this city. The phenomena produced were chiefly rigidity, and the excitation of a few of the phrenological organs. The second case was a lad who had been previously frequently mesmerised by Mr. Hazard, of this city. His sense of sight was taken from him whilst in the waking state, also that of hearing and of touch. But the most interesting experiment to those who were believers (and the well-filled room consisted chiefly of that class) were those manifested under the influence of music. Mr. Herepath tested the various phenomena of rigidity, attraction, &c. and frequently told the audience there was no trickery in the experiments. Dr. Riley appeared also to take considerable interest in the subject. During the lecture Mr. Hall took occasion to thank his Bristol friends for the assistance which they had rendered him, and hoped to meet them again on some future occasion. The medical gentlemen of this city are in a somewhat unpleasant situation: they want words to express themselves; they dare not say (as formerly), "Oh, its all humbug!" for public opinion is too strong for them; nor do they like to admit that it is true, for that would involve them in the necessity of shewing deep contrition for their conduct towards Dr. Elliotson, and hurt their self-esteem; they cannot understand how two such acknowledged clever men as Mr. Herepath and Dr. Riley could admit before an audience that the phenomena of mesmeric rigidity, &c. was not produced by trickery: they are really uncomfortable, and many of them complain bitterly of the situation in which they have been brought by their *lancets*.

Bristol.

I remain, Sir, yours, &amp;c. S. D. S.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, March 22.—M. Flourens communicated the result of some experiments as to the action of ether taken internally, and injected into the arteries. He administered to dogs sulphuric ether in doses varying from six to twenty-four grammes. All the animals suffered severely, and some of them died. Others were intoxicated, but not one was struck with general and total insensibility. Neither did the injection of ether into the arteries produce etherization, but it produced a phenomenon. When an animal is subjected to ethereal inhalation or ingestion, the spinal marrow loses the principle of feeling before it loses that of motion. This is not the case when ether is injected into an artery; motion then ceases before insensibility to pain commences.

#### Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

- 741. RELATIONS AND NEXT OF KIN OF WM. ANDREW PRICE, Esq., MARY WARBURTON, LUCY BONEL, ELEANOR BOYDE, JOHN McCLUIR, formerly in the marine service, and ROBERT GORING, formerly of Bombay, marine, all of whom died in India. *Something to their advantage.*
- 742. JOHN RICHARD JONES, brother of MARY PENELOPE JONES, deceased, and who formerly carried on the business of oilman, at 6, Edgware-road, Paddington, and who left there in 1832. *Something to advantage.*
- 743. WIDOW OF CHILDREN OF JOSIAH HARDING, solicitor, late of Old City Chambers, Bishopsgate-street. *Something to advantage.*
- 744. MARY ANNE SPITTY, formerly of Brentwood, Essex, who left England about 1814 or 1815. *Something to advantage.*
- 745. NEXT OF KIN OF WM. CONNING, son of the marriage of Wm. Conning, of Glasserton, Wigtownshire, and Ellen McClellan, who is supposed to have died in London nearly sixty years ago. *Something to advantage.*
- 746. HEIR-AT-LAW AND NEXT OF KIN OF GARLEFF KOSTER, a lunatic, formerly of Gluckstadt, in Germany, afterwards of the City of London, merchant, and now of Pembroke-house, Hackney, Middlesex.
- 747. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF GEORGE HUDSON, of Arrell, Wigan, gardener, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
- 748. WIDOW OF RICHARD CULLEN, who died in Lincolnshire in 1836. *Something to advantage.*
- 749. NEXT OF KIN OF ROBERT MITFORD, late of Upper George-street, Montague-square, Middlesex, esq. who died at Paris, April 27, 1836, or their personal representatives.
- 750. NEXT OF KIN OF WM. JOHNSON, formerly of Stokesley, Yorkshire, then of Galley Quay, Thames-street, London, wharfinger; then of

Kemworth, Herts, and at the time of his decease (April 1, 1819), of Mitcham, Surrey, esq.; or the NEXT OF KIN OF REBECCA AMELIA WHITE, his daughter, who died in October 1837.

- 751. CHILDREN OF THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF WILLIAM TAYLOR, late of Ealing, Middlesex, who died Jan. 25, 1837.
- 753. NEXT OF KIN OF ANN EVERETT, formerly ANN TOLSON, of Adam-street, Portman-square, Middlesex, who died in January 1834; or their representatives.
- 753. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM HENRY GINGELL, of Hill-street, Finsbury-square, St. Luke's, Old-street, Middlesex, who died Dec. 13, 1837.

(To be continued weekly.)

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

The scale for advertising in THE CRITIC is

For 50 words or less ..... 5s.

For every additional 10 words .. 6d.

For which a post-office order should be inclosed.

NB. For insertion in the first page the charge is one-fourth more, if expressly ordered for that page.

#### BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

##### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, March 26.—W. D. Haggard, esq. F.S.A. in the chair.—The Rev. C. Nicholay exhibited a large seal found near the church of North Waltham, bearing an impression of a pelican feeding her young, the nest resting on a broken branch of a tree. A. H. Burkitt, esq. F.S.A. exhibited a Charter of Edward III. to the town of East Retford, dated at Dunstable in the third year of his reign. The date of this charter perhaps more strictly indicates it, as an act of the Regency, the name of "our Chancellor, Roger de Mortimer, Earl of March," occupying an important position with other nobles, in testimony of the act. The other witnesses are Henry Bishop of Lincoln, Henry de Percy, William de Roos, Oliver de Ingham, and others. This document is what is known by the name of "Inspecimus," or confirmation of previous charters, commonly granted from time to time by new kings, with the apparent purpose of levying fines on the inhabitants of towns so favoured. In this instance, the condition is a payment of ten pounds per annum to the exchequer. As an instance of confirmation of charters, may be named those of Magna Charta, and the Charta de Foresta, both of which were confirmed no less than fifteen times in the reign of Edward III. This charter exempts the inhabitants from the payment of certain tolls, confers the right of electing their own bailiffs and provides that they shall not be placed in assize juries with foreigners. A discussion on barrows and cromlechs was entered into, in which Messrs. Wright, Saul, C. White, Planché, and Keets took part. There was as usual considerable diversity of opinion. Mr. Saul expressed his belief that they had in many instances, where stones formed the side and top, been used as places of residence; while others, allowing the probability of a temporary appropriation for that purpose, gave it as their opinion that the origin was sepulchral. It is to be regretted that this subject, possessing as it does high interest, has hitherto not been fairly treated by antiquaries, as there exists no work on the subject, with an attempt at a proper classification. C. N. Smith, esq. F.S.A. read a paper by Mr. Ubsdell, of Portsmouth, illustrated with drawings copied from the paintings formerly on the walls of Cowdery House, Sussex, representing Henry VIII. reviewing the troops on Southsea common. These ancient paintings are highly interesting, and are supposed to be faithful representations.

GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE OF LITERATURE.—The Marquis of Clanricarde has, in the most spontaneous and kindest manner, appointed a son of Mr. Heraud, the poet, to be one of the clerks in the secretary's department of the Post Office.

Messrs. Griffin and Co. of Glasgow, have purchased the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*, projected and methodised by the late S. T. Coleridge, and containing a series of separate works by Airey, Arnold, Babbage, Blomfield, Coleridge, De Morgan, Herschel, T. H. Horne, Moseley, Phillips, Rojet, Roscoe, Tal-foord, Whateley, Whewell, &c. Its composition occupied a quarter of a century; its authorship cost 26,000l.; the designs and plates, 7,000l.; the stereotyping, 11,000l. irrespective of the expense of paper, printing, binding, and publishing. We are only sorry, says the Glasgow *Scottish Guardian*, to learn that one of the consequences of this important step on the part of the Messrs. Griffin will be the removal from Glasgow to London of our ingenious and respected citizen, Mr. J. J. Griffin, along with the greatest part of the magnificent collection of chemical apparatus which his scientific skill and business talent have enabled him to accumulate in his singularly interesting museum; and which, in point of extent and variety, is without a parallel in the world.







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## HISTORY.

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## THE BOYHOOD OF HENRY IV.

During their visit to the court of France, an incident occurred which is worthy of remark, as it connects itself with after-events in the life of Henry IV. The prince, then in his fifth year, entering a room where his father and the King of France were engaged, not in the most friendly conversation,

ran up to them, and attracted the attention of Henry II. by his grace and beauty. The monarch took him in his arms, kissed him, and asked, "Will you be my son?" The boy, however, pointed to the King of Navarre, replying, "No, that is my father." "Well, then, will you be my son-in-law?" demanded Henry. "Oh, yes, willingly," answered the prince; and we are assured, by some of the writers of the day, that from that hour his future marriage with the Princess Margaret was resolved upon by the two kings. Such engagements, indeed, are rarely regarded as binding by monarchs; and it is certain that, if a promise of his daughter's hand was really made by Henry at this time, it was only afterwards fulfilled by his son upon very different considerations from those which influenced himself. The death of Henry II. and the struggle of factions which I have already displayed, soon recalled the King of Navarre to the court of France, but his wife and son were left in Bern; and instead of hearing that he had taken the place to which his rank entitled him in the council of the young French monarch, they soon received intimation that he had accepted the inferior and detrimental task of escorting the Princess Elizabeth, now married by proxy to the King of Spain, as far as the frontier of her husband's dominions. As the royal bride necessarily passed through the province of Guyenne and part of the territories of the King of Navarre, magnificent preparations were made for her reception by Jeanne d'Albret, who with her son advanced to the limits of Guyenne to meet her. Every sign of respect and affection was shewn to the princess; but the occasion was too favourable for marking the independent sovereignty of the King of Navarre in his wife's hereditary dominions, to be neglected. So long as the royal party remained in France, Anthony of Bourbon gave precedence in all things to the young Queen of Spain; but no sooner had they crossed the frontier of Navarre, than the first lodging marked out in each town they entered was reserved for the king himself, much to the indignation of the royal officers of France and Spain who accompanied Elizabeth on her journey. Even in passing through Upper Navarre, the same order was observed, the dispossessed monarch not being at all unwilling to revive his claim to the territory which he entered as a stranger, even in a point of ceremony. At Roncesvalles, to which place the Queen of Navarre and her son accompanied the unhappy Elizabeth, her French attendants left her, and she was delivered into the hands of the Spaniards; but, as if anticipating the dark and cheerless career before her, as the third wife of a cold and selfish tyrant, the unfortunate princess, while taking leave of the King of Navarre, fainted in his arms, and was with difficulty recalled to life. The mere duties of persons in high station are often as painful as the misfortunes of humbler individuals.

He was placed under the charge of a learned man, named La Gaucherie, himself firmly attached to the reformed religion. About this period also, or a little later, Victor Cayet, who afterwards became his chronologer, was first placed in attendance upon his person, and from him we derive some of the most interesting facts regarding the early life of the future monarch. We learn that he was at this time a very lively, quick, and beautiful boy, full of vigour and activity of mind and body, apt to receive instruction, and giving every promise of attaining great proficiency in letters. La Gaucherie took every pains to render the study of the learned languages agreeable to him; not teaching him in the ordinary method by filling his mind with long and laborious rules, difficult to remember, and still more difficult to apply, but following more the common course by which we acquire our maternal language, and storing his mind with a number of Greek and Latin sentences, which the prince afterwards wrote down and analysed. The first work which he seems to have translated regularly was Cæsar's Commentaries; a version of several books of which was seen by the biographer of the Duke of Nevers in his own handwriting; and his familiarity with the Greek was frequently shewn in the sports and pastimes of the court, where mottoes in the learned languages were frequently required.

It is customary for the historians and eulogists of great men to point out, after their acts have rendered the famous, those slight indications which sometimes in youth give promise of future eminence; and thus we are told the favourite motto of Henry in his boyhood was *ἢ νικᾶν ἢ ἀποθάνειν*, to conquer, or to die. The fact, however, is worthy of remark, not so much, perhaps, because it shewed the boy's aspirations for

military glory, as because his frequent use of this sentence seems to have created some uneasiness in the mind of Catherine de Medicis, who forbade his masters to teach him such apophthegms for the future, saying that they were only calculated to render him obstinate. It is not probable that the queen-mother would have taken notice of such a sentence on the lips of any ordinary child; but it is evident, not only from the accounts of those biographers, whose works were composed after the Prince of Bearn had risen into renown as King of France, but by letters written while he was yet in extreme youth, that there was something in his whole manner and demeanour which impressed all those who knew him with a conviction of his future greatness. We shall have hereafter to cite several of these epistles, which give an accurate picture of the prince at the age of thirteen years; but before that time he had undergone a long course of desultory instruction. At one period his education was carried on in the château of Vincennes, where he remained for more than a year with the royal children; and at another we find him studying in the college of Navarre, together with the Duke of Anjou, who afterwards became king under the name of Henry III. and with Henry, eldest son of the Duke of Guise, against whom he was destined to take so prominent a part in arms. At this early age, however, no enmity or rivalry was apparent between the three princes; but, on the contrary, to use the words of the memoirs of Nevers, the three Henrys had the same affection and the same pleasures, and always displayed for one another so uncommon a degree of complaisance, that not the slightest dispute took place between them during the whole time they were at the college. In regard to the course of instruction pursued with the Prince of Bearn, we have no farther information, and only know that he acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Latin language to translate with ease all the best writers of Rome; and that he applied himself, though apparently with no great perseverance, to the art of drawing, in which he displayed a considerable degree of talent, the Duke of Nevers, or his biographer, having seen an antique vase which he had sketched in pen and ink with a masterly hand, and under which he had had written, *Opus principis otiosi*.

And further on we have a pleasing picture of

#### THE YOUTH OF HENRY IV.

While these events were taking place, and every thing promised a speedy renewal of the civil war, the young King of Navarre, or, as he was still called, Prince of Bearn, was each day making progress in his studies, strengthening his corporeal powers by robust exercise, and developing those graces of person and mind for which he was afterwards conspicuous. Several contemporary letters still exist, which give a minute description of his manners and appearance at this period; but which shew, that while his demeanour was most captivating, and his mind and character extraordinarily developed for a boy of his years, he had not escaped some of the vices which were then so diligently cultivated in the court of France, and which remained but too apparent throughout his whole career. As it is necessary for the true purposes of history, to record the faults and errors of great men, and to trace the progress both of evil and of good, I shall give the statements of those who were eye-witnesses of the conduct of the young Henry as nearly as possible in their own terms. "We have here," writes one of the magistrates of Bordeaux in the year 1567, "the young Prince of Bearn. One cannot help acknowledging that he is a beautiful creature. At the age of thirteen he displays all the qualities of a person of eighteen or nineteen. He is agreeable, he is civil, he is obliging. Others might say, that as yet he does not himself know what he is; but for my part, who study him very often, I can assure you that he does know perfectly well. He demeans himself towards all the world with so easy a carriage, that people crowd round wherever he is; and he acts so nobly in every thing, that one sees clearly he is a great prince. He enters into conversation as a highly polished man; he speaks always to the purpose; and when it happens that the subject is the court, it is remarked that he is very well informed, and that he never says any thing which ought not to be said in the place where he is. I shall hate the new religion all my life for having carried off from us so worthy a person. Without this original sin he would be the first after the king, and in a short time we would see him at the head of his armies."

Another letter, of about the same date, gives the following account of his manners and appearance at the time. "The Prince of Bearn gains new servants every day. He insinuates himself into all hearts with inconceivable skill. If he is highly honoured and esteemed by the men, the ladies do not love him less; and although his hair is inclined to red, they do not think him the less agreeable. His face is very well formed, the nose neither too large nor too small, the eyes extremely soft, his skin brown but very smooth; and the whole animated with such uncommon vivacity, that if he does not make progress with the fair it will be very extraordinary." In a third, some of his little follies and vices appear. We have not the precise date, but the letter is written from Bordeaux, probably somewhat later than the other two. "We have the pleasantest carnival in the world," says the writer; "the Prince of Bearn has besought our ladies to mask, and give balls turn by turn. He loves play and good living. When money fails him, he has skill enough to find more, and in a manner quite new and obliging towards others: that is to say, he sends to those whom he believes his friends a promise written and signed by himself, begging them to return him the note or the sum which it bears. You may judge whether there is any house where he is refused. People regard it as a great honour to have one of these billets from the prince; and every one does it with joy; for there are two astrologers here, who declare that either their art is false or that this prince will some day be one of the greatest kings of Europe." Notwithstanding the propensity for pleasures and excesses which here developed itself, Henry still pursued his studies under his mother's eye with great zeal and application; and we have the authority of the "Memoires de Nevers" for stating, it was the constant endeavour of Jeanne d'Albret to impress upon her son's mind that it was the greatest disgrace which could befall one born to command others to be inferior to them in knowledge and judgment, and, above all, to be obliged by ignorance to rely upon any but themselves in the government of their kingdoms and the affairs of peace and war. Her selection of his instructors also did credit to her wisdom. "She chose," says the same writer, "men of letters, but men who had not been spoiled by study, of a delicate wit, of clear reasoning, of irreproachable morals, and of knowledge of the world, such as are fit to teach princes to love true honour and true piety."

Very powerfully and truthfully drawn is the sketch of the

#### CHARACTER OF CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

From this period to the end of her life, Catherine de Medicis continued to exercise greater power over the councils of France than any other person, leading rather than ruling, guiding rather than commanding. She was at this time in the forty-first year of her age; retaining great traces of that beauty which had distinguished her in youth, tall, well formed, and graceful, with a countenance full of intelligence and variety. Her powers of enduring fatigue were great, and she delighted in exercise carried even to excess. Fond of pleasures, and restrained by no moral principles, she sought enjoyment without scruple, and only covered her licentiousness with a thin veil of grace and wit. From her native country she brought to France a taste for the fine arts and the elegances of life; but amongst the small courts of Italy she had received that education in a cunning and deceitful policy which affected in a lamentable manner the whose course of her career. Shrewd, penetrating, and dexterous, she displayed neither great scope of intellect, nor profundity of thought. She was always ready to seize and to employ the best means of overcoming existing difficulties, or obtaining an immediate object; but the operations of her mind were always confined within a narrow limit, and extended themselves unwillingly to things future or remote. The chief characteristic of her mind was levity, which tends to every sort of vice in private individuals, and to all shades of crime in princes; to it is to be attributed her disregard of moral restraint, and her indifference to human suffering, the narrowness of her political views, the frequent changes of her plans, her insincerity towards her friends, even when they were serving her zealously, and her levity towards her enemies whenever the struggle with them was absolutely over. She could feel nothing deeply,—neither love nor hate, remorse nor shame, compassion nor rage. When she slew, it was as

much to deliver herself from a difficulty as when she flattered and seduced; and it was her habitual inaptitude to receive any strong impression, rather than an inherent narrowness of intellect, which appears to have prevented her from forming any general plan of action, or conceiving any vast design. Her chief passion would seem to have been ambition, but even that was greatly affected by circumstances; and we may reasonably doubt, notwithstanding the criminal means which she employed to retain power, whether it was very violent within her; for the existence of strong passions less frequently produces great excesses than the want of just principles. Passion injures the moral sense but in few points; levity of character extinguishes it altogether.

The death of Henry II. was occasioned by a splinter from a lance, which accidentally struck him on the head at a tournament. This is the account of

#### THE DEATH OF HENRY II.

From the moment he received the wound, Henry felt that his earthly career was terminated; and soon after he had been carried to his chamber, from which all the court were excluded, he fell into a state of lethargy, accompanied by fever. From this, however, he was roused on the fourth day, recovering his senses perfectly, but displaying no other symptom of convalescence. On the contrary, indeed, it would seem that the surgeons who attended him had by this time given up all hope of his restoration to health. They had employed all the means which the medical science of that day put at their command to remedy the injury he had received; and for the purpose of ascertaining more exactly the nature of his wound, they had recourse during the early part of his last sickness to an expedient which must be mentioned here as an exemplification, not only of the manners of the times, but of that disregard of all the forms of law and justice which then prevailed in France. Choosing four prisoners, condemned for various crimes, they caused them to be decapitated privately in the Conciergerie and in the great Chatelet; and the heads being brought to the palace of the Tournerelle, they forcibly drove the fragment of the broken lance into the eye of each corpse to ascertain in what manner the brain of the monarch had been affected. But these inhuman researches proved of no avail.

This is Mr. JAMES's description of the condition of society and manners in the reign of Henry III. It is sufficiently frightful.

The state of France at this period presents a curious but frightful picture. Civil war was raging in most of the provinces; no such thing as law or justice existed; the passions of the monarch, his mother, or his minions, decided the life or death of all persons brought to trial even for ordinary crimes; private assassination was so common that scarcely a day passed without the chroniclers of the time having to record some new tragedy amongst the nobles of the land; poison was employed on the slightest occasion; prisoners were strangled in their dungeons for the purpose of bestowing their estates upon the favourites of the Court; the King and his brother meditated the destruction of each other with very little secrecy; Catherine de Medicis entertained designs against the life of her son-in-law, the King of Navarre; the monarch and his mother took pleasure in witnessing the execution of criminals; female chastity was almost unknown; every sort of immorality was tolerated and practised; and with all these horrors was mingled the external signs of devotion and piety—processions, vows, fasts, prayers, and sacraments. The King himself set the example, by running barefoot through the streets reciting his orisons, and by murmuring paternosters at his table, and in the very midst of the most frightful debaucheries; while, to render the scene more disgusting, jests, merriment, and repartee, not only enlivened the dullest sensuality, but interrupted the proceedings of the council-table, disturbed the gravity of the court of justice, and hovered round the scaffold and the block. The human heart, when it revolts entirely to the side of vice, has no other arms against virtue than a laugh.

We conclude with a melancholy scene,—

#### THE DEATH OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

Henry uttered not a word, and the report forthwith spread

that the king was killed. His officers, however, wisely assured the people that he was only wounded, and called loudly for some wine, while the blinds of the carriage were let down, and the vehicle turned towards the Louvre. The body was immediately removed from the coach, and laid upon a bed. Surgeons and physicians hurried to the room; and we are informed by Bassompierre, who was present, that Henry breathed one sigh after he was brought in. Life, however, was probably extinguished at once by the second blow; for he never uttered a word after he had received it, but fell upon the shoulder of the Duke of Epernon, with the blood flowing from his mouth as well as from the wound. Thus died Henry IV. of France, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, one of the greatest, and certainly one of the most beloved Kings of France, on whom contemporaries bestowed the title of the Great, but who was known to his people, and is ever mentioned in history, by the name of Henri Quatre, a term connected in the mind of every Frenchman with the ideas of goodness, benevolence, sincerity, and courage. After having to fight for his throne against the fierce opposition of fanaticism; after having to contend with the arms and the intrigues of the Roman Catholic world; after having to struggle with the hatred of a great part of his people, excited by the wild declamations of preachers and demagogues, and with the coldness and indifference of almost all the rest, he had succeeded, not only in obtaining the crown to which he was entitled, not only in vanquishing his enemies in the field, in subduing his rebellious subjects, in repulsing his foreign foes, and overcoming the prejudices of his people, but in gaining their devoted love, the esteem of all his allies, and the reverence even of those opposed to him.

*The History of the Saracens; comprising the Lives of Mohammed and his Successors to the Death of Abdulmelek, the Eleventh Caliph, &c.* By SIMON OCKLEY, B.D., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. Fourth Edition. London: Bohn.

MR. OCKLEY's *History of the Saracens* was, immediately on its first publication, placed by common consent among the standard works in that branch of literature. It speedily achieved an European reputation: edition followed edition, each one introducing improvements and corrections. Of late it has been a book difficult to be procured, and therefore Mr. BOHN could scarcely have made a more welcome and valuable addition to his "Standard Library."

Mr. OCKLEY has given to literature by far the most accurate and copious history of the extraordinary man who prescribed the religion of half the world, and changed the face of society in the East; and he possesses the further merit of having treated his great subject in a large and liberal spirit. There was something more than chance in the career of a merchant whose preachings and fightings could in eighty years achieve an empire greater than that which Rome had mastered in eight hundred. It is plain that the history of Mahomet is only beginning to be understood in Christian Europe. Its philosophy has not yet been studied, and the best foundation for it will be the facts so copiously collected and so clearly marshalled by Mr. OCKLEY in the work before us.

In the preface are some testimonials to the value of this history from GIBBON, who used it extensively in his *Decline and Fall*; by Professor SMYTH, in his "Lectures on Modern History;" and by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*.

In this edition, a single volume, at the price of little more than a few pence, comprises the whole of the original work, so rare and costly before, with notes and an index. Who is there who will not place it upon his book-shelf?



*The Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, during his various campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France. Compiled from Official and other Authentic Documents. By Colonel GURWOOD, C.B., K.C.F.S. Vol. VIII. London: Parker and Co. Whitehall.*

In our notices of the previous volumes of this great national work, it was stated that it is not a mere reprint of the despatches as originally published by Colonel GURWOOD, but that the editor had bestowed great labour upon the preparation of the new edition, and had introduced into it a large mass of document which had been discovered after the appearance of the first edition, and had moreover appended illustrative notes that add considerably to the historical value of the publication. The volume before us completes the work. It commences with the official and other despatches of the Duke in Germany, the Low Countries, and France, in the years 1815 to 1818 inclusive, comprising the whole of the Waterloo campaign, of which the most full and authentic details are supplied, a considerable portion of the papers being in the French language; and the despatches from Paris, while in the occupation of the allies, are scarcely less interesting. A mass of miscellaneous correspondence follows. Then come the instructions to the general officers commanding brigades of cavalry in the army of occupation; then the instructions issued in 1827; then selections from the memorandum on the proposed plan for altering the discipline of the army; then selections from the Duke's evidence before the commissioners for inquiring into military punishments; then the memorandum on military governments, addressed to Lord Hill, and an elaborate index to the contents of each volume closes a work without which no library will be complete, and which every Englishman ought to possess, as a proud monument that it is to ability, at least as much as to good fortune, that the Duke of Wellington owes the successes which have made him the greatest man of modern times.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*A Popular Life of George Fox, the first of the Quakers. Compiled from his Journal and other authentic sources. By JOSHUA MARSH. London: Gilpin.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

SOME idea may be formed of the opposition to the growth of Quakerism, from the circumstance that, at the Exeter Sessions, a general warrant was issued "for apprehending all Quakers." And more than this, the legal warrant was prefaced by an unjust scheme. This scheme was the *setting watches* in the highways, in order to seize and convict the followers of GEORGE FOX. CROMWELL took no decisive measure to put a stop to such persecutions. Had he made the attempt, it is a question whether his power was sufficient to protect the Quakers at this time. In CROMWELL's critical position, removed but a single step from the throne, and perhaps at this moment eager to attempt that step, a leaning towards Quakerism would be a diverging from public favour, and therefore difficult and dangerous. It is more than probable that CROMWELL grew suspicious of the silent influence of the Quakers. It has been surmised that his policy did not agree with the outspoken honesty of Quakerism. Be that as it may, yet one thing is certain, that the prime mover of the Commonwealth, and the founder of the Society of Friends, often conversed and communicated together. When a report was spread of CROMWELL's intention to assume the crown, GEORGE FOX paid a visit to the Protector, and warned him against the danger of such a course. CROMWELL appeared to take this advice well; but history has shewn that he only paused until he could set aside the advice and the warning of the preacher, by something more

positive and convincing than words—by a bold and consummate action. GEORGE FOX was not satisfied with speaking, but he wrote a letter to the Protector on the same subject; and about this time he addressed another letter on a different topic to Lady CLAYPOLE, one of CROMWELL's daughters, and the letters, it seems, were favourably received.

A proclamation having been issued for a solemn fast, accompanied with a subscription for the relief of some Protestant families driven out of Bohemia, and in aid of the Protestants persecuted by the Duke of Savoy, GEORGE FOX, on the most plausible grounds, thought proper to oppose the proclamation. He wrote an address to the "Heads and Governors of the Nation," in which he stated the nature of a true fast, such as God requires, and the "inconsistency and wickedness" of fasting and subscribing for suffering Protestants persecuted abroad by Papists, at the same time that *they, professing themselves to be Protestants, were persecuting their own brethren at home.* We do not entirely agree with GEORGE FOX in this opinion. The aid given to a persecuted party can never be a *wickedness*, though coming from persecutors. It may be an inconsistency. Every thing like sympathy for the wronged and the suffering portion of mankind, improves the spiritual condition of the sympathizer; and although in this case the sympathizers were the persecutors of GEORGE FOX and his party, their commiseration for the oppressed foreigners must be looked upon as the outburst of nature, and their persecution of their brethren at home no other than the outburst of prejudices. GEORGE FOX reports many of his visions in the course of his narrative, and some of these are extraordinary. There was much mental abstraction about GEORGE FOX, and therefore we find him often a dreamer, and often a prophet. He prophesied the sudden break up of the Long Parliament, the death of CROMWELL, and the restoration of the King. After the dismantling of the gates and posts of London by General MONK, GEORGE FOX says, "I had a vision wherein I saw the city lie in heaps, and the gates down; and it was then represented to me just as I saw it several years after." Doubtless the visions of GEORGE FOX arose from two causes; first, his observations on the natural course of circumstances; and secondly, these circumstances exciting his religious fervency. Every step in history intimates the nature of succeeding steps, and it does not require very extraordinary penetration to detect them. Added to this sufficiency of penetration in GEORGE FOX is the colouring which he gave his prophecies, and which generally arose from his peculiar position. He was a persecuted and an injured man. He grieved over the wickedness of mankind, and over the religious and political anomalies of his country. He saw in a great degree worldly events with worldly eyes; but he judged them by a spiritual mode. The great fire of London, which followed the plague of 1666, broke out the day after GEORGE FOX was released from Scarborough Castle, and was a confirmation, in his belief, of those judgments of God of which he had had a vision while a prisoner in Lancaster Castle. For the indignities with which he was treated he saw, or fancied he saw, a punishment in some of the evils which afflicted the land. To a mind so organized it was a natural inference, but whether correct or incorrect is disputable ground. The belief that the enemies of Quakerism were visited by the judgments of heaven, as GEORGE FOX believed, produced among the primitive Quakers some unusual scenes. Several "Friends" during the commonwealth were induced to go through the country, denouncing woes, and exhibiting themselves naked at markets and other public places, as signs of the nakedness that was soon coming upon all those hypocritical professors of sanctity who persecuted their







peaceable christian brethren for acting up to the dictates of their consciences. Here again we perceive the colouring of the prophecy; the nakedness was a type of their *enemies*. We cannot wonder that this indecent exhibition was stopped by the public officers; but GEORGE FOX, in his journal, laments the check put to this spectacle by imprisonment.

At the age of forty-five GEORGE FOX married the widow of THOMAS FELL, a judge of the Welsh circuit, and a daughter of JOHN ASKEW, of Lancaster, descended from an ancient and honourable family of that county. MARGARET FOX fared no better than MARGARET FELL. The widow of the judge was imprisoned for opinion-sake, and the wife of the preacher was incarcerated for the same, and this very shortly after her second marriage. She was, however, soon released by the order of CHARLES THE SECOND. In the year 1671, GEORGE FOX, in conjunction with twelve other ministers, sailed for Barbados, in order to continue their ministry, and give a spur to the Quaker doctrines which had taken root beyond the Atlantic. In this company were two females, ELIZABETH HOOTON and ELIZABETH MIERS, the former of whom was the first female preacher among the Quakers, and one of the first converts to GEORGE FOX's early preaching. This woman did not live to return to her native land. She died in Jamaica, and was buried there by her companions. Among the Quakers the female preachers participate equally with the men in the labours of the ministry. This is not so singular among the Quakers as it would be among other denominations of Christians, in which great learning, physical as well as mental strength, and even a collegiate education is indispensable. All the requisites among the Quakers for a preacher is truth, simplicity, and innocence, and these qualities woman is as likely, and even more likely, to possess than man. In consequence of this, the ministry of a female among the Quakers is not to be despised. In diffusing Christianity, woman has a natural eloquence which we have often heard and admired. Doctor JOHNSON thought a preaching female a perversion of nature. We remember a coarse satire of the Doctor's on this subject. "A woman preaching," he says, "is like a dog walking on his hind legs; it is not *well done*, but we are surprised to see it done at all."

In January 1672, GEORGE FOX, with his party, proceeded from Jamaica to America. Here he endured the greatest fatigues from long and tedious journeys performed on horseback through tracks of uninhabited forests. He suffered considerably from an American winter, lying upon the snow with little better shelter than the trunk of a tree. After fifteen months of bodily suffering and mental activity, GEORGE FOX returned to England, where persecutions still awaited him. He had grown familiar with judges, jurymen, assizes, and prisons. Once more he thought it his duty to leave his country. In company with WILLIAM PENN, ROBERT BARCLAY, the author of the celebrated *Apology*, and several other friends, GEORGE FOX set out for Holland. Among them was one GEORGE KEITH, a man of much wit, but impetuous in temper. Before his conversion to Quakerism he had been bred a Presbyterian, and had taken his degree of Master of Arts. Some years after he became a believer in the "Transmigration of the Soul," according to the notion of MERCURIUS; and being reproved for this, he took offence, left the Quakers for the episcopal church, and on every opportunity stigmatised the society he had left. Eleven years after the death of GEORGE FOX, he went to America, and endeavoured to scatter the seeds of discord among the Quakers of Pennsylvania. He was, however, received with suspicion, or shunned as an apostate, when he soon returned to England, and was given the living of Edburton, in Essex, of the annual value of 120*l*.

After carrying out what they considered their mission in Holland, GEORGE FOX, joined by WILLIAM PENN and a few others, sailed from the Briel. After a stormy and tedious passage of two days and three nights, in a vessel so leaky that they were compelled to keep two pumps constantly at work, they arrived at Harwich, and from this place GEORGE FOX once more found his way to London. A short time after this he made another trip to Holland, but nothing remarkable occurred. With the death of CHARLES THE SECOND, the protestants of England trembled for the peace and the safety of their religion. Among the number the Quakers looked for great changes, and a petition was addressed by them to king JAMES, praying for a toleration of their religious tenets. Soon after the presentation of this petition the king issued a proclamation for the general liberation of those Quakers who were confined in prisons. About five years after this proclamation GEORGE FOX was taken ill, after addressing a meeting of Friends in Gracechurch-street, in the city. He observed, after leaving the meeting, that he "felt a cold strike to his heart." It was the chill of death upon him, and on the 13th of November, 1690, he died. GEORGE FOX was rather corpulent in person, and above the common standard in height. His countenance was smooth and placid, and his eyes grey and piercing. He was a little sleeper, and carefully abstemious in his diet. His biographer asserts that so great was the simplicity of his appearance in youth, that many, judging from outward appearance, despised him as unworthy of notice.

MR. MARSH's book is a compilation principally from GEORGE FOX's journal, and therefore more readable than the journal. The *Popular Life of George Fox*, now before us, will be read, and it will reflect credit on the author for his judgment. It is entirely free from prejudice; but it is not of that absorbing interest which characterizes some biographies. MR. MARSH could not give this intense interest. His subject, considered as a biography, wanted broad and diversified variety; but considered as a recital of religious energy and purity, it is complete. The character of GEORGE FOX had not that depth of shadow which makes the light more light by contrast. GEORGE FOX was thoroughly individual, but his individuality was not tested sufficiently by dissimilar circumstances, so as to make it prominently conspicuous. Abroad or at home persecutions scowled upon him—the same in kind but not in degree; and these give his life a uniformity which MR. MARSH could not, with all his curtailments from the journal, divest of occasional wearisomeness. Nevertheless, GEORGE FOX is an example; he was a man needed by the age in which he lived, in order to teach the age simplicity and purity; and suited for future ages in order to teach a necessary reliance on self, and a proper reliance on God. The biography of GEORGE FOX is therefore a necessary thing. We drew attention in the commencement of our notice to some difference between primitive and modern Quakerism, and in concluding with some further remarks on GEORGE FOX and his religious tenets, it will be seen what other difference exists between the two. It is a common saying that "a Quaker is known by his coat," but the adoption of a peculiarity of dress by GEORGE FOX was connected with a motive very different from what is generally supposed. GEORGE FOX strove after simplicity, not singularity, and his dress was a visible evidence of this. He sought after *durability*, not *peculiarity*, and his garments were the proof. GEORGE FOX wore leather,—his modern admirers wear broad-cloth. The durability is not in this last case adopted. The simplicity of the outward habiliments of Quakerism is a counterpart to the spiritual portion of Quakerism. The Christian religion is solely a spiritual religion to the Quakers. The most spiritual is always the most en-

during, and therefore the *principles* of Quakerism cannot cease to exist, even though Quakerism, as a system, be merged in some other system. We have already stated that Quakerism is less an unanimity than it was. It had a unity peculiarly its own; it has a schism which has scarcely any distinctive features from the many schisms which enter into the composition of all religious parties. Quakerism is splitting into party. While it advocates universal peace, it is now in itself an embodiment of war. ELIAS HICKS has let loose the bonds which bound Quakerism into one complete whole. He is disorganizing its oneness—and his spirit will continue to disorganize it. ELIAS HICKS is sending religious radicalism among the Quakers. As our readers may be aware, this individual is an American, and he has succeeded in gaining on his side a considerable party.

He denied the necessity of any particular observance of Sunday; and considered that after attending meeting in the morning, people are at liberty to devote the remainder of the day either to business or pleasure. He maintained that mankind suffered no loss through the disobedience of our first parents; that the idea of a Mediator between man and his Creator is gross in its nature; and that the Scriptures are not inspired writings. Mr. MARSH, in the volume under notice, contends that the followers of ELIAS HICKS are not the followers of GEORGE FOX. In a critical point of view Mr. MARSH is correct, but they are notwithstanding so connected with Quakerism that they have confused its tenets, and startled its quietude. Still there are truths connected with Quakerism that the clamour of sects cannot injure nor destroy. Quakerism is, in its highest earthly condition, the echo of humanity. It discounts war in all forms and features. It strives to preserve its spiritual condition by a strict system of moral education. All games of chance, music, dancing, and field-sports are prohibited. Novels and theatres are absolutely forbidden. Some of these things the Quakers do not consider evil in themselves, but they say that many of the circumstances attendant on them are evil. They refuse, in this manner, to gather a flower, because the sun which warms it warms also a serpent. They do not see that good and evil are *always* side by side. We have ever looked on the character of the Quaker as a mixture of moral heroism and moral cowardice. It stands forth in the hour of persecution, and in the advocacy of what it considers to be truth; but it *shrinks* from amusements which it acknowledges to be innocent, and *fears* to be familiar with a consistent thing because evil stands at its elbow. Quakerism is at once brave and timid, but its bravery benefits humanity, while its timidity belongs and remains to itself, and is no other than a sacrifice of the eager and harmless joys of the world—a system of self-denial. GEORGE FOX was the man who gave existence to Quakerism as an embodied principle, and therefore his biography can never be devoid of interest.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Ancient World; or, Picturesque Sketches of Creation.*

By D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S. Professor of Geology in King's College. London, 1847. J. Van Voorst.

THE purpose of this work is to convey to the general reader, in language divested of technicalities, and in a form fitted to impress the mind with a vivid conception of the scene, the history of the Ancient World before it was inhabited by man, so far as the researches of geologists have succeeded in revealing it. Professor ANSTED does not profess to enter into minute details of particularities of structure exhibited in the various formations or in their fossil contents. He writes for the popular understanding, and to supply the information which will interest everybody, and to that end he has

adopted a plain, almost homely, but English style, peculiarly adapted to such a work, so that even children will readily understand his descriptions.

And what a history is that here unfolded to us—a history, not of years or of centuries, but of ages! Not of one race alone, but of successive races, who have possessed this fair world in turn, occupying it for more years than man has yet trodden it, then becoming gradually extinct, and giving place to others with forms and functions adapted to the altered conditions of the earth's surface. And all this is not merely a philosophic dream—a magnificent but baseless theory;—it is a *fact* proved to the eye and the understanding as certainly as any other fact in Nature, and by observation of the succession of organic remains, is the geologist enabled to read the outlines of that wonderful, old-world history as distinctly almost as if the scene had passed before his eyes. The wildest extravagances of romance sink into insignificance before such realities as these. Hence does the volume of Professor ANSTED possess for the most inveterate novel-reader a charm which he will seek in vain in the pages of the most romantic fiction in the circulating library. To the school, and for family reading, it is peculiarly adapted; and it cannot be too soon placed in the hands of children as an incentive to the study of a science, offering such attractions to the curiosity that is the most prominent feature in the young mind, and that is always gratified by the revelations of the facts of science which it *can*, and disgusted with the formulae which it *cannot*, comprehend.

As the design of Mr. ANSTED is to narrate facts, and not to prove them, he properly abides by his plan, and eschews argument. He divides his history into three epochs, the ancient, the middle, and the modern. The ancient epoch he subdivides into the period antecedent to the introduction of life, the period of invertebrated animals and of the silurian rocks, the period of the introduction of fishes and of the old red sandstone formation, the period of the appearance of land and the introduction of land vegetables, which includes the carboniferous system, and the closing period of the first epoch, marked by the magnesian limestone deposits.

The second, or middle epoch, is subdivided in the period marked by the formation of the new red sandstone, followed by that of the marine reptiles, and other animals characteristic of the lias; then the period of the gigantic land reptiles, the flying reptiles, and animals belonging to the oolitic and wealden formations; and, lastly, the cretaceous period.

The third, or modern epoch, is marked by the introduction of land animals; the Professor then proceeds to shew the condition of Europe after the other tertiary beds had been deposited, but previous to the historic period, and the condition of India, Australia, New Zealand, and South America, during the tertiary period, and a concluding chapter is devoted to general considerations, concerning the result of geological investigation.

From a work so connected in all its parts as this, it is difficult to select passages for extract that have an independent interest, and will bear to be read apart from their contexts. Nor will it be fair to form a judgment of the book from the extracts so taken. With this hint we proceed to the performance of the duty of the literary journalist, which is properly rather descriptive than critical.

#### THE PENTACRINITES.

If we wish to pass in review the various groups most characteristic of this singular period, concerning whose natural history we have so many and such distinct facts recorded, we must imagine a wide tract of open sea, into which a quantity of fine sediment of calcareous mud was in some way carried and deposited. From the distant land whence this mud was washed came also occasionally trunks of trees, conveyed by



marine or river currents. Attached to them, and also occasionally fastened to sea-weeds or other floating bodies, would appear in large clusters (like the bunches of barnacles sometimes suspended from a ship's bottom), the singular pentacrinites, their long stony column fringed thickly with branches of articulated stone, with a stony coat of mail surrounding the pouch or stomach, and a similar but more delicate defence covering the extensible proboscis. With innumerable arms widely extended in a complicated fringe, this strange mass of living stone expanded itself and drew within its cold embrace the floating bodies on which it fed. One might fancy that some marine Briareus, looking on the strife and carnage of this great reptilian period, whose horrors might well have had the fabled effect attributed to the snakes of Medusa's head, had suddenly become petrified; retaining, however, its vital powers, and, with its complicated skeleton, continuing to perform its office by cleansing the sea of an accumulation of decaying animal matter.

Here is a picture of

#### THE PRIMEVAL FORESTS.

The whole of the interior of the islands may have been clothed with thick forest, the dark verdure of which would only be interrupted by the bright green of the swamps in the hollows, or the brown tint of the fern covering some districts near the coasts. The forest would have been formed by a mixture of several different trees. We should see there, for instance, the lofty and widely-spreading lepidodendron, its delicate, feathery, and moss-like fronds clothing in rich luxuriance branches and stems, which are built up, like the trunk of the tree-fern, by successive leaf-stalks that have one after another dropped away, giving by their decay additional height to the stem which might, at length, be mistaken for that of a gigantic pine. There also should we find the Sigillaria, its tapering and elegant form sustained on a large and firm basis, enormous matted roots, almost as large as the trunk itself, being given off in every direction, and shooting out their fibres far into the sand and clay in search of moisture. The stem of this tree would appear like a fluted column, rising simply and gracefully, without branches, to a great height, and then spreading out a magnificent head of leaves like a noble palm-tree. Other trees more or less resembling palms, and others like existing firs, also abounded, giving a richness and variety to the scene; while one gigantic species, strikingly resembling the *Attingia*, or Norfolk Island pine, might be seen towering a hundred feet or more above the rest of the forest, and exhibiting tier after tier of branches richly clothed with its peculiar pointed and pear-like leaves, the branches gradually diminishing in size as they approach the apex of a lofty pyramid of vegetation. Tree ferns also in abundance might there be recognised, occupying a prominent place in the physiognomy of vegetation, and dotted at intervals over the distant plains and valleys, the intermediate spaces being clothed with low vegetation of more humble plants of the same kind. These we may imagine exhibiting their rich crests of numerous fronds, each many feet in length, and produced in such quantity as to rival even the palm-trees in beauty. Besides all these, other lofty trees of that day, whose stems and branches are now called Calamites, existed chiefly in the midst of swamps, and bore their singular branches and leaves aloft with strange and monotonous uniformity. All these trees, and many others that might be associated with them, were perhaps girt round with innumerable creepers and parasitic plants, climbing to the topmost branches of the most lofty amongst them, and enlivening by the bright and vivid colours of their flowers the dark and gloomy character of the great masses of vegetation.

And these were

#### THE PRE-ADAMITE MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

But these shoals were alive with myriads of invertebrated animals; and crowds of sharks hovered about feeding upon the larger forms. There were also numerous other animals, belonging to those remarkable groups which I have attempted to describe in some detail. Imagine, then, one of these monstrous animals, a plesiosaurus, some sixteen or twenty feet long, with a small wedge-shaped crocodilian head, a long arched serpent-like neck, a short compact body, provided with four large and powerful paddles, almost developed into hands; an animal not covered with brilliant scales, but with a black

slimy skin. Imagine for a moment this creature slowly emerging from the muddy banks, and half walking half creeping along, making its way towards the nearest water. Arrived at the water, we can understand from its structure that it was likely to exhibit greater energy. Unlike the crocodile tribe, however, in all its proportions, it must have been equally dissimilar in habit. Perhaps, instead of concealing itself in mud or among rushes, it would swim at once boldly and directly to the attack. Its enormous neck stretched out to its full length, and its tail acting as a rudder, the powerful and frequent strokes of its four large paddles would at once give it an impulse, sending it through the water at a very rapid rate. When within reach of its prey, we may almost fancy that we see it drawing back its long neck as it depressed its body in the water, until the strength of the muscular apparatus with which this neck was provided, and the great additional impetus given by the rapid advance of the animal, would combine to produce a stroke from the pointed head which few living animals could resist. The fishes, including perhaps even the sharks, the larger cuttle-fish, and innumerable inhabitants of the sea, would fall an easy prey to this monster. But now let us see what goes on in the deeper abysses of the ocean, where a free space is given for the operations of that fiercely carnivorous marine reptile the ichthyosaurus. Prowling about at a great depth, where the reptilian structure of its lungs, and the bony apparatus of the ribs would allow it to remain for a long time without coming to the air to breathe, we may fancy we see this strange animal, with its enormous eyes directed upwards, and glaring like globes of fire. Its length is some thirty or forty feet, its head being six or eight feet long; and it has paddles and a tail like a shark. Its whole energies are fixed on what is going on above, where the plesiosaurus or some giant shark is seen devouring its prey. Suddenly, striking with its short but compact paddles, and obtaining a powerful impetus by flapping its large tail, the monster darts through the water at a rate which the eye can scarcely follow towards the surface. The vast jaws, lined with formidable rows of teeth, soon open wide to their full extent; the object of attack is approached—is overtaken. With a motion quicker than thought, the jaws are snapped together, and the work is done. The monster, becoming gorged, floats languidly near the surface, with a portion of the top of its head and its nostrils visible, like an island covered with black mud above the water.

But these were of later growth. At the close of the first epoch this was the picture of

#### THE PRIMITIVE OCEAN.

We pass on now from the consideration of this chapter in the world's history. We have seen, first of all, how the earth lay buried in the dark obscurity of its early state, when the only rocks of mechanical origin consisted of huge masses of decomposed and pounded granite, broken into fragments by the disruption of the first thin shell of solid matter; and in these deposits no evidence has yet been obtained of any created thing having existed, either animal or vegetable. We have traced the history from this time through the period when a few worms crawled on the mud and sand of the newly made shores of the ocean, when to these were added other lower forms of animal existence, and when marine vegetables first contributed to the subsistence of its inhabitants. We have watched the appearance of its denizens, as they, one after another, or in groups, present themselves, and have seen how different were these from the present tenants of the sea, and yet how like them, and how evidently and admirably adapted to perform the part assigned them; and we have thus gazed upon the first doubtful and misty appearance of light and life as they have become visible in the morning of creation by slow degrees, and through a long twilight. Trilobites, brachiopods, shell-fish of various kinds, are seen to abound; and the cuttle-fish, or creatures nearly allied and not so highly organized, reign for a time undisputed lords of the sea. At length their reign terminated; other animals, of higher and more complicated functions, succeeded, and the waters, after a long preparation, became fit for the presence of fishes. These, at first of small size and comparatively powerless, soon increased rapidly both in number and dimensions, and, encased in their impenetrable armour, seem to have delighted in the troubled

ocean where the coarse conglomerate of the old red sandstone was being accumulated; and for a long while these less perfect species of the class were predominant. In time, however, other fishes sprung up, the old ones were displaced, and a new, vigorous, and powerful group of animals came into the field, endowed with exuberant life, and darting with speed and with almost irresistible force through the water. Land, also, richly clothed with vegetation, even to the water's edge, contributed to support this abundant flow of life; and some few land animals of high organization appear to have been associated with the insects and the freshwater animals whose remains have been preserved. But few, indeed, were the tenants of the land, so far as we can judge, when compared with those of the ocean; and while we have in so many parts of the world a rich supply of the vegetable remains of that period, there are only to be quoted the fragments of a scorpion, one or two foot-marks, and such like indications that nature was not inactive, though the conditions for preserving any terrestrial animal remains were so eminently unfavourable, that there is only just sufficient evidence to satisfy us of the fact.

Professor ANSTED, maintaining the principle that partial evil is universal good, argues for the beneficence of the provision by which animals are made to destroy one another. He says,

Such scenes of horror and carnage, enacted at former periods of the earth's history, may perhaps induce some of my readers to question the wisdom that permitted, nay, enacted them, and conclude rashly that they are opposed to the ideas we are encouraged to form of the goodness of that Being, the necessary action of whose laws, enforced on all living beings, gives rise to them. By no means, however, is this the case. These very results are perfectly compatible with the greatest wisdom and goodness; and, even according to our limited views of the course of nature, they may be shewn not to involve any needless suffering. To us men, constituted as we are, and looking upon death as a punishment which must be endured, premature and violent destruction seems to involve unnecessary pain. But such is not the law of nature as it relates to animal life in general. The very exuberance and abundance of life is at once obtained and kept within proper bounds by this rapacity of some great tribes. A lingering death—a natural decay of those powers which alone enable the animal to enjoy life—would, on the contrary, be a most miserable arrangement for beings not endowed with reason, and not assisting each other. It would be cruelty, because it would involve great and hopeless suffering. Death by violence is to all unreasoning animals the easiest death, for it is the most instantaneous; and therefore, no doubt, it has been ordained that throughout large classes there should be an almost indefinite rate of increase, accompanied by destruction rapid and complete in a corresponding degree, since in this way only the greatest amount of happiness is insured, and the pain and misery of slow decay of the vital powers prevented. All nature, both living and extinct, abounds with facts proving the truth of this view; and it would be as unreasonable to doubt the wisdom and goodness of this arrangement, as it would be to call in question the mutual adaptation of each part in the great scheme of creation.

This work will, of course, be placed at the head of the list of "orders" in every book club; and its quaint but handsome binding, its profusion of engravings, and the beauty of its typography, together with the profound interest of its subject-matter, peculiarly adapt it for school prizes and home presents.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Rough Recollections of Rambles Abroad and at Home.* By CALDER CAMPBELL, Author of the "Palmer's Last Lesson," &c. 3 vols. London: 1847. Newby. The title of this work indicates its character. Major CAMPBELL has thrown together, without regard to order of time, the most remarkable reminiscences of a life spent in wandering about the world, pursuing the career which, beyond all others, throws a man into the midst of adventures, and compels him to dare and do many

things, the narrative of which always deeply interests quiet fireside readers, who love the excitement of perils they do not partake, and toils they do not endure. Major CAMPBELL has in this manner strung together personal exploits, camp tales, mess stories, legends heard in early youth, descriptions of distant places and remarkable persons, and produced a miscellany that will be welcome reading at the circulating library, as combining the interest of the romance with the instruction of veritable scenes and real life observations. To the readers of THE CRITIC, no assurance is needed that CALDER CAMPBELL wields the pen gracefully; for contributions of poems of no inconsiderable merit have repeatedly appeared in these columns. They, therefore, will anticipate amusement from his *Rough Recollections*. Nor will they be disappointed, as we shall prove by a few extracts.

These reflections, suggested by the Indian Flora, introduce a vivid picture of

#### A MORNING WALK IN THE EAST INDIES.

The *Plumiera Alba* is a voluptuous thing, rich and arabesque in its appearance, and redolent of fragrance:—in good sooth I prefer our English hawthorn! What can be more magnificent than the gorgeous papilionaceous blossoms of those *Cesalpinies*, orange, and gold, and white? Nothing; yet would I liefer choose the richly-scented, rarely-tinted spikes of our homely lilach. Here are *Neriums*; rose-hued and white, sweet to smell, and venomous withal: give me the honeysuckle instead! Is not that the sweet-basil, rife with its associations of Boccaccio and Keats? and is not this the sacred *tolasi*, (*Ocimum Sanctum*)? Both have their peculiar and incense-like smell, and are worthy to strew before an idol, or upon a grave; yet I better love the bee-worshipped wild thyme, or the wizard Vervain, which "was one of the plants of the Druids, and was considered a charm to conciliate friendship.

Here are spicy myrtles, growing in profusion and of gigantic proportions—each bush a thicket; nameless, methinks I prefer the furze, which in summer and autumn dresses itself from top to toe in an armour of burnished gold, and in spring dons a garb of green. Yonder is a heap of cassias (and in truth the spot where I sat was surrounded by them), *auriculata*, *sophera*, and *tora*—for it is a numerous family—looking in the distance like our own broom; almost, mind ye, I say almost, as lovely. The resemblance, and much of their elegance, diminish as we approach them. Blue rue-lilas, the yellow tribulus, with its contorted thorns cursing poor camel feet, the clammy pedaliem murex, smelling like musk and with blossoms like a primrose, the vermilion viola suffruticosa, the thistle-like argemone mexicana with its superb corols of yellow petals and ruby anthered stamens, but scenting vilely—vile even as our senecio jacobaea-ragwort, or as our Scottish peasantry broadly call it "stinking willy" (wherefore Willy, that dearest name?); and a thousand other plants are around me, all lovely. But of those none strike me as being so elegant with such a home-look about it, as the *evolvulus alsinoides*, which is assuredly very like the cherished forget-me-not. Perhaps when I have left these Asiatic herbs behind me for ever, I may regret them, and love them better; for that separation is a violent strengthener of affection, who will deny? When the kindly feelings are strong, we remember the more acutely the farther we are removed from the objects that interested us: otherwise—why we forget them, and we miss a pang or two! Thus soliloquizing mentally, I sat till my Maty reminded me of the lapse of time; and bidding him call me in another half hour if I did not then join him, I strolled away again. A little brook, winding and twisting through bush and brake, with the graceful facility of a serpent, descended a gradual eminence, at the base of which halted my attendants, who had all come up. While mounting the ascent I found that behind it lay a considerable stretch of jungle; beyond which extended the long dreary plain of Sarwar, on which the only thing that could be discovered like vegetation was the hard, hispid spear-grass, and here and there a scattered clump of acrid, ragged euphorbias. Down in the stream, which here grew wider, I saw a jackal stoop to drink; but when I shouted loudly, it suddenly withdrew into the brush—

wood. Among the bushes to which he had retreated, I detected one which was not familiar to me, whose boughs were densely draped with a covering of bright purple blossoms, in my covetousness of which I sprang at once into the thicket, regardless of lurking snake or cowardly jackal.

I had possessed myself of my treasure, and was rounding the circle which the stream here took, in order to reach the plain without again climbing the ascent, when three other jackals started from a thick clump of the Webera shrub through which I was forcing my way; two of those fled, but the third, loth to leave its prey—for it bore in its mouth what appeared to me to be part of some dead animal—trotted off more slowly; looking sulkily at me, as if half disposed to question my right of intrusion on his premises. Giving a sudden bark as I approached, the creature fled affrighted—dropping what was literally the “bone of contention” right in my path; while presently the whole pack bayed aloud in the thickets around. As I came up to the abandoned banquet, I started—for it took the form of a human arm! and sure enough, to my great horror, there it lay, mangled, black, and bloody, with half the flesh gnawed away, and on one of the two remaining fingers of the hand a signet-ring of red cornelian! I cannot describe the mingled sensations of wonder, disgust, and dismay that seized me as, wrapping my handkerchief round the unseemly limb, I lifted it from the ground and hurried away from the spot; giving, as I went, a hasty glance around, with a vague idea of beholding the body of the hapless wretch whose remains were thus desecrated by the denizens of the woods.

Equally graphic is this sketch of

#### A HINDOO VILLAGE.

Little indeed found I there, worthy of a second glance; the houses were all alike—small, humble, if not mean; the bazaar containing merely a few *dookans* (shops) of grain, spices, and oil, with one or two *punsaries*; for no East Indian hamlet, however small, is without its *punsari*, or dealer in drugs, dried herbs, hulsas, &c. One or two old women were frying cakes of maize, or of millet, in a composite of *ghee* and *jaggaree*; the former being clarified butter, the latter a coarse species of sugar—not unlike treacle in the lump—extracted from the inspissated juice of the palmyra tree. Many were cooking, under stray trees and beneath the eaves of their hovels, their evening refection—plain boiled rice, a little curry of fish, or meat, or vegetables; but generally the women were employed outside their dwellings in spinning, weaving, (and their simple and primitive looms, *en plein jour*, are not without a touch of the picturesque) or here and there seated on their haunches, busily grinding flour for the week's consumption, by means of those original handmills that are no doubt the heir-looms of the Mosaic time. The gardens were equally humble, but looked fresh and green from profuse irrigation; nor were trees and bushes wanting. Yet, indeed, they contained nothing but beds of vegetables and pot-herbs—patches of the fetid coriander plant, the green leaves—which are eaten as spinach—smelling strongly of bruised bug, from which it is frequently called the bug-plant, while its seeds are delightfully aromatic; fenugreek, anise, cumin and caraway; the seeds of all of which are indispensable to the composition of curry-powder. Here and there, a ridge of huldee, the turmeric plant; a bunch of ginger, with its fleur-de-lis looking leaves; a tuft of the delicious-scented lemon-grass, of which a *tisan-tea* is made; a few flowers, chiefly African marigolds, balsams of every dye, and the gorgeous and odorous *mirabilis jalapa*. In one garden I noticed a young girl busily picking the buds of a large bed of moogra bushes; which, having collected, she sat down in her fragrant lair, and with a needle and thread began to fashion them into graceful chaplets: these wreaths, made of the unopened buds of the moogra, or Indian jasmine, are preserved through the night in damp leaves, or cloths, and next day carried to market; where they are eagerly bought up—sometimes for ornament or perfume, but oftener to place before an idol, or to lay upon the tomb of a dear one!

The breath is held suspended by horror in this powerful narrative of an adventure with

#### THE COBRA DI CAPELLO.

I might have slept some four or five hours, and a dreamless

and satisfying sleep it was; but certain it is—let sciolists say what they will, and sceptics throw doubts by handfuls on the assertions of metaphysicians—that before I awoke, and in my dreamless slumber, I had a visible perception of peril—a consciousness of the hovering presence of death! How to describe my feelings I know not; but as we have all read and heard that, if the eyes of a watcher are steadily fixed on the countenance of a sleeper for a certain length of time, the slumberer will be sure to start up—wakened by the mysterious magnetism of a recondite principle of clairvoyance: so it was that, with shut eyes and drowsed-up senses, an inward ability was conferred upon me to detect the living presence of danger near me—to see, though sleep-blind, the formless shape of a mysterious horror crouching beside me; and, as if the peril that was my night-mate was of a nature to be quickened into fatal activity by any motion on my part, I felt in my very stupor the critical necessity of lying quite still; so that, when I at last awoke and felt that as I lay with my face towards the roof, there was a thick, heavy, cold, creeping thing upon my chest, I stirred not, nor uttered a word of panic. Danger and fear may occasionally dull the senses and paralyse the faculties, but they more frequently sharpen both, and ere I could twice wink my eyes, I was broad awake and aware that, coiling and coiling itself up into a circle of twists, an enormous serpent was on my breast. When I tell you that the whole of my chest, and even the pit of my stomach, were covered with the cold scaly proportions of the reptile, you will own that it must have been one of considerable size!

What my thoughts were—so made up of abhorrence, dread, and the expectation—nay, assurance of speedy death that must follow any movement on my part—I can never hope to tell in language sufficiently distinct and vivid to convey their full force. It was evident the loathsome creature had at length settled itself to sleep; and I felt thankful that, attracted by my breath, it had not approached the upper part of my throat. It became quite still, and its weighty pressure—its first clammy chilliness becoming gradually (so it seemed to me) of a burning heat—and the odious, indescribable odour which exhaled from its body and pervaded the whole air—so overwhelmed me that it was only by a severe struggle I preserved myself from shrieking. As it was, a cold sweat burst from every pore—I could hear the beating of my heart—and I felt, to my increased dismay, that the palsy of terror had begun to agitate my limbs! “It will wake,” thought I, “and then all is over!” At that juncture, something—it might have been a wall-lizard, or a large beetle—fell from the ceiling upon my left arm which lay stretched at my side. The snake—uncoiling its head—raised itself with a low hiss—and then—for the first time—I saw it—saw the hood, the terrible crest glittering in the moonshine. It was a Cobra di Capello! Shading my eyes to exclude the dreadful spectacle, I lay almost fainting, until again all was quiet. Had its fiery glances encountered mine, all would have been over; but apparently it was once more asleep, and presently I heard the Lascar moving about, undoing the fastenings of the tent, and striking a light. A thought suddenly struck me, and with an impulse I could then ascribe to nothing short of desperation, though its effects were so providential, I uttered in a loud, but sepulchral tone “*Kulassi! Lascar!*”

“*Sahib!*” was the instantaneous response, and my heart beat quicker at the success of my attempt. I lay still again, for the reptile, evidently roused, made a movement, and its head—as I suppose—fell on my naked arm. Oh God! the agony of that moment, when suppressed tremour almost gave way to madness! I debated with myself whether I should again endeavour to attract the attention of the Kulassi, or remain perfectly quiet; or whether it would not be better than either to start up at once and shake the disgusting burthen from me. But the latter suggestion was at once abandoned because of the assurance I felt that it would prove fatal: impeded by the heavy coils of the creature, weak and nerveless from excitement, I could not escape its fangs. Again, therefore, I spoke with the hollow but distinct accents which arise from the throat when the speaker is afraid to move a muscle:—“*Kulassi, chiragh!*”—Lascar, a lantern! “*Latah own, sahib.*” I am bringing it, sir. There was then a sound of clanking metal—light, advancing, flashed across the roof of the veranda—and at the noise of coming steps, lo! one after one its terrible coils unwinding, the grisly monster glided away from my body; and the last sounds that struck



my sense of hearing were the—"Ya illahi, samp!"—Oh God! a snake!—of the Lascar; for I fainted away for the first time in my life.

The Major had nearly lost his life through the treachery of some Burmese boatmen.

#### AN ATTEMPTED MURDER.

A dreaminess stole over me, and I was fast sinking into forgetfulness, when a ringing noise in my ears, a stunning blow on my head, accompanied by a flashing as of a hundred daggers, deprived me of all sensation. I have an indistinct remembrance of hearing a frightful shriek (it must have been my own), of starting up, of seeing a dark shape hovering over me, of a gleaming instrument, but no more! I remained insensible for, as I was afterwards told, half an hour; and when I came to myself, I was stretched on the brink of the river surrounded by my Madras attendants, who were wailing over me as lost for ever. I tried to rise, but sank down again on the sands; my eyes were blinded with what at first I conceived to be water poured over me to restore me—it was blood! I raised my hand, and felt that there was a deep and large wound in my head. Recollection returned with growing nausea, and I observed that none of the Burmese crew were with us. I was soon made aware of how matters stood. The Burmans, seeing my stock of baggage at their mercy, incited by their indomitable love of plunder, and beguiled by the gaudy glitter of a queen's-metal coffee-pot, which their cupidity turned into silver, watched the opportunity, when they imagined we were all asleep, to fulfil the double purpose of serving themselves and gratifying their bitter hatred of the *Kulaks* (foreigners) who had conquered their Emperor and his hosts. My Lascar, whilst in a state between sleeping and waking, was aroused by the whisperings of the boatmen, and his suspicions being excited, he resolved on watching their movements. Suddenly he observed the *Llêthogee*, or steersman,—a gaunt and repulsive-looking man—arise, and approach stealthily the spot where I lay asleep; two of his comrades crept to a remote corner of our bivouac, where the baggage was placed, and near which the sick sepoy and Malliapah, my *mâtî*, slept. After stooping over me for an instant, as if to assure himself of my non-vigilance, the *Llêthogee*, raised his arm,—and the terrified Lascar then saw that in his hand was a *dâh*, a large wood-knife. A blow was given—a cry was heard—and just as the stroke, which had been considerably impeded by the folds of my cloak, was about to be repeated, the Lascar sprang upon the assassin, and succeeded in wresting the weapon from him—though not before his two thumbs were nearly severed from his hands in the struggle. The alarm was now, however, general; and the steersman and his associates—alike baffled—took to flight; succeeded in carrying off the paltry spoil for which they had so readily dyed their hands in blood, though not without opposition, for the sepoy was also wounded slightly in the head, before he could seize his bayonet. My *mâtî* escaped with a few severe blows, for he had wrapped himself up in a thick *cumly* (blanket), and when awakened by a blow, had wrestled manfully with his particular assailant; for, like ourselves, the Burmese were four in number. I may here state, to spare a footnote, that on that same day some forty miles beyond where we were attacked, Lieutenant Addison of the gallant 18th Regt. M. N. I. whilst proceeding up the river in charge of commissariat stores, was shot from the long grass skirting the Irrawaddi, and instantly expired.

To the extensive portrait-gallery supplied from the same quarter of the globe may be added this of

#### A HINDOO FANATIC.

During my morning rambles round the fort, in which the Rajah of Coorg was then a captive, I had frequently noticed an old woman, with a basket on her arm, whence she kept chucking up into the air something of an eatable nature, which was, in most instances, snapped up before it reached the ground by flocks of Brahminy kites, which followed her wherever she went, hovering over her head. I found, on examination, that what she kept throwing so lavishly about were meat-balls; and as she proceeded on her way, her long white hair scattered about her naked shoulders and withered bust, while in shrill accents she shouted out to the ravenous birds—"Approach and be fed, in the name of Hari!" she

looked a living emblem of Hindu bigotry. I afterwards learnt that she was one of the richest and most noted fanatics among the Brahmin sect at Vellore.

We conclude with a batch of curious, because seemingly well-authenticated

#### GHOST STORIES.

Of all the well-authenticated ghost-stories I am acquainted with, none has served more to shake my unbelief in such matters than the following strange circumstance, which occurred to my father, and is strictly true. He was one night seated in the parlour quite alone; it might be near twelve o'clock, for he had a recollection of having heard eleven strike, when all at once the door was opened, and a funeral procession, complete in all its adjuncts and paraphernalia, entered the room, which was large and lofty. The funeral bier, with its sable drapery, the train of mourners, all moving slowly along and in perfect silence—all were there; yet they did not seem to crowd upon each other. The visionary crew passed through the chamber with sad and solemn movements, but with soundless steps, as befits the dead of so dreary a pageant, and disappeared out at the open window, which was one that reached from ceiling to floor. He was awed—struck motionless—but he was wide awake; and the illusion, if illusion it were, was at least not one arising in sleep. Next morning he received authentic intelligence of the death of his brother.

"A strange optical delusion!" cried Elwin, an elderly subaltern; "but I think I can add something quite as strange. My mother had retired to bed one night, and awakening up from her first sleep, beheld with horror a figure dressed in the habiliments of the grave, standing, fully defined by the moonshine which enlightened the whole room, at the foot of the bed! Of my mother's feelings and fears I shall say nothing; she was, at all events, convinced of the actual presence of an apparition, enveloped in a shroud. On the following day the accounts reached her of her father's sudden decease."

Can such things be,  
To overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

Exclaimed I, quoting Shakspeare the Undying. "I have not a regular ghost-story to tell," said Beswick; "but as a trait of superstition, take the following. Magpies are, as you know, accounted birds of evil omen; and, when seen to pair near a house under whose roof there is sickness, death, be assured, is not far off. They sniff the preparing corpse. Ravens—some say dogs, and sailors say sharks—have the same power of smell; but my anecdote pertains to the magpie. Certain it is, that when my eldest brother was on his death-bed, two magpies came and perched upon the ledge of the window of the apartment in which he lay. My father would have discharged his fowling-piece at them, but the noise would have disturbed the dying, and he was prevented:—twice I drove them away, and twice they returned. Soon afterwards my grandmother fell sick, and again two magpies—they seemed the identical birds—were seen at her casement: her decease followed in a few hours. Not long afterwards, a cousin of ours, one of the numerous and inevitable Mrs. Smiths, was ill; and on one occasion I was sent to her mansion on a mission of inquiry as to the state of her health. As I approached the house, two magpies, exactly under the window of her bedroom, met my sight. I entered the house, and in five minutes thereafter my cousin, Mrs. Smith, was dead!" "My story," cried Cameron, "is as true as holy writ. My mother, during her attendance at court in the year 17—, was one day alarmed by a loud crash in the antechamber: on examination, nobody was found there, nor was there anything to be seen that could have occasioned such a noise. On that very day, and at that very hour, my father fell in action." "What I am going to relate," said George Barnes, a smart little cadet newly posted, and in the full flush of green griffinhood and a scarlet jacket, "does not refer to my own kith or kin; but it has been given to me as I give it to you, for truth. John Phillips was a hale, healthy, and sober gardener near Hastings, where I remember having courted his acquaintance when I was a boy, for the *beaux yeux*, not of his daughters, but of his dahlias. He was one night in bed, unable to sleep from a violent toothache, when suddenly his eyes encountered an object that filled him with terror and awe. In the middle of the floor







stood a coffin; and staring at it with looks of almost phrenzy, he read on the name of the plate the name of 'John Phillips, aged 41.' Cold at heart with very fear, he fell back on his pillow, and all but fainted. When he had again courage to look up, the vision had passed away, but the impression it left upon his mind was ineffaceable. He was an unmarried man, but had brothers and sisters, and, dearer than all, a betrothed one, whose hand should soon be his; but their words of encouragement, when he told them what had happened, the reasonings of the clergyman of his parish, of the medical man to whom he related the fact, were urged in vain to shake the assurance he entertained of the reality of the vision. He was within a few weeks of attaining the age that was marked on the coffin-plate, and he firmly believed that he would not outlive that day. Nor did he." A pause succeeded this singular anecdote, for I had no ghost-story to tell, but promised to read them a tale I had drawn up, in which I had mingled fact with fiction, on the following evening. Edwin insisted that the scene should be changed from mine to his quarters; and, nothing loth, we parted. But though I had then no ghost story to tell, some years afterwards it would have been in my power to narrate an event—whether vision, dream, or optical delusion, I cannot say—which befell me, and which to this day perplexes me. I had left, in bad health, my regiment, and parted from my dearest friend in it fourteen days before; when, one day, after a long run in my palanquin, I received the accounts of his death by a sudden and severe illness. Future investigation led to surmises of his having fallen a victim to the jealousy of a Mahomedan girl, by poison; and I am the more inclined to believe that so it was, from having heard from his own lips, some months before, in confidence, that she had attempted his life in a fit of jealous fury. A noble, generous creature wert thou, dear Salmon, the only son and solace of thy poor mother!

James Charles Salmon was the son of the celebrated songstress of that name, a lady whose talent and fascination still live in the memory of many, and whose fame shall ever stand conspicuous among the first in the roll of British singers. A year after her son's death, I wept with Mrs. Salmon—then Hinde, for she married a second time and was again a widow—over the early fate of my friend! And oh! dark sorrow was at my heart to think that she—that still beautiful lady—was doomed to an age of destitution and hardship. A severe illness had for ever destroyed the rich organ that produced such harmonies, and poverty with its many privations had fallen upon her! James was a brave and excellent officer; his military attainments, his qualifications as a linguist, eminently fitted him for the staff-appointment of adjutant, which he retained in the 43rd native infantry; and by the men he was regarded with an affection little short of idolatry. Upon the 4th of February, 1833, he embraced me fondly at parting, with a "Dear, dear Rob, tell my mammy that I'll soon go home to see her!" and on the 16th of the same month he died. But let me, from my journal of the day after tidings of his death reached me, trace what is there written:—"I went to bed last night, wishing that I might dream of Salmon, and I *did* dream of him, and that so vividly that I question whether it was a dream. I saw him seated beside my bed, from which, however, he was separated by a table; he was looking upon me with a whistful and serious intentness; there was no smile, but neither was there any sternness—all was sweet. I remembered that he was dead; and, as clasping my hands together, I stretched them towards him, saying, 'Oh, Salmon, is it indeed you?' he answered, 'I am come to bid you good-bye.' I then gazed at him for some time—as I firmly believe, wide awake—till gradually, slowly, as a cloud disappears from the heavens, he melted away into air. So very gradual was his vanishing, that I could mark his features waxing dimmer and dimmer, yet not retiring to a distance, for he did not move, until all was vacancy. I was half sitting up, half lying on my pillow, in the position I have described, resting on my right elbow, with my hands clasped together, and gazing from the bed. If I had slept—which I solemnly declare I do not think I did—it was thus I awoke. When all was over, a sort of momentary awe came over me. Had the dead been with me, or was it indeed a sweet vision?"

*Letters from the Isle of Man in 1846.* London: Saunders and Otley.

SOME very brief notes of a short tour in the Isle of Man, which would scarcely deserve more than a passing record of the title, but for the paucity of information relating to that little domain, which the stranger rarely visits. Therefore do we pause to glean a few facts from its pages.

Very scanty is

#### ANIMAL LIFE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

I am not aware that there are any fresh-water fish, except the trout, which abounds in many of the rivers, and is generally small. Partridges, woodcocks, grouse, snipes, wild ducks, and puffins, are generally plentiful; hares are scarce, for want of cover. The bones of red deer and other species are found in different parts of the island, and a race of hardy ponies are bred here; also short-horned cattle, and small mountain sheep, coarse-wooled. The puffin is extremely fat, and reckoned a great delicacy by many. They build their nests in rabbit-burrows, and are very prolific. It is said that formerly 5,000 of their young were taken annually, without any apparent diminution of their numbers. Many small hawks, called "meslyns," arrive here from Ireland and the western parts of Scotland. Wilson mentions the existence of eagles, but I have not seen any. The curlew (*scopolax arguta*) is occasionally seen about the Calf of Man. Other birds usually seen upon the coast are, gulls, cormorants, shags, herons, crows, &c. The birds of passage that spend the breeding time on the Calf of Man, are said to consist of eight species, among which are the "*alea aretica*" (puffin), and "*torda*" (razor-bill).

But this is one peculiarity worth notice—a breed of

#### TAILLESS CATS.

The only quadruped peculiar to this island is the *sini caudal* (tailless) cat, termed in the Manx language *stubbins*—in English, a *rumpy*. This Mr. Forbes considers to be an "accidental variety of the common species '*felis catus*,' frequently shewing no traces of caudal vertebrae, and others merely a rudimental substitute for it." As a mouser this cat is preferred to all others. Some of the same species are or were to be met with in Cornwall, and cats of somewhat similar appearance are said, by Sir Stamford Raffles, to be peculiar to the Malayan Archipelago. Many have been carried away by visitors to the Isle of Man, and some kittens of the species were presented to the Queen some years ago, by Mr. Howard, of Douglas. Now I am on the subject of cats, I shall conclude with the following anecdote which I heard at Edinburgh, where cats are great favourites, particularly among the poor in the Canongate. It was customary in Edinburgh, about the time of the French Revolution, when riots occasionally occurred in the Canongate and Old Town, for those who headed the mob to commit forcible abduction upon all cats which they could find either at the doors or the firesides of their disconsolate owners. These wretched "catties" were sometimes immediately killed, but generally tossed about till they expired. A full-sized dead cat was sometimes so far improved by this cruel process, "as to be fit to be tied round the neck of a gentleman like a cravat," as some author has expressed it.

And in the Appendix we find the following note on the same subject:—

My observations on the structure and habits of the specimen of the tailless cat in my possession, leave little doubt on my mind of its being a mule, or crossed between the female cat and buck rabbit. In August 1837 I procured a kitten direct from the island. Both in its appearance and habits it differs much from the common house cat. The head is smaller in proportion, and the body is short. A *fud* or brush like that of a rabbit, about an inch in length, extending from the lower vertebrae, is the only indication it has of a tail. The hind legs are considerably longer than those of the common cat, and in comparison with the fore legs bear a marked similarity, in proportion, to those of the rabbit. Like this animal, too, when about to fight, it springs from the ground, and strikes with his fore and hind feet at the same time. The



common cat strikes only with its fore-paws, standing on its hind legs. The tailless cat can be carried by the ears, apparently without pain. My little oddity was six months old before it saw a mouse, but when a dead one was exhibited, it instantly displayed all the characteristics of a practised mouser. It has never had any offspring, although the common cat propagates its species when about twelve months old. On this subject (although I have made many inquiries) I have not been able to establish a single instance in which a female rumpy, or tailless cat, was known to produce young.

Some of the superstitions and popular customs are curious and interesting. Thus:

#### THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

"In almost all the great parishes, in the month of May," says Waldron, "they choose, from among the daughters of the most wealthy farmers, a young maid for the *Queen of May*. She is dressed in the gayest and best manner they can, and is attended by about twenty others, who are called maids of honour; she has also a young man who is her captain, and has under her command a good number of inferior officers. In opposition to her is the *Queen of Winter*, who is a man dressed in woman's clothes, with woollen hood, fur tippet, and loaded with the warmest and heaviest habits one upon another. In the same manner are those who represent her dressed. Nor is she without a captain and troop for her defence, both being equipped as proper emblems of the beauty of spring and the deformity of the winter. They set forth from their respective quarters: the one preceded by violins and flutes, the other with the rough music of the tongs and cleavers. Both companies march till they meet on a common, and then their trains engage in a mock battle. If the *Queen of Winter's* forces get the better so far as to take the *Queen of May* prisoner, she is ransomed for as much as pays the expenses of the day. After this ceremony, *Winter* and her company retire and divert themselves in a barn, and the others remain on the green, where, having danced a considerable time, they conclude the evening with a feast—the *Queen* at one table with her maids, the captain with his troop at another. There are seldom less than fifty or sixty persons at each board, but not more than three knives."

You may remember the allusion to this custom in Tennyson's song of the "*Queen of the May*:"—

"If you're waking, call me early—call me early, mother dear,  
To-morrow is the happiest day of all the glad new year;  
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,  
For I'm to be *Queen of the May*, mother—I'm to be *Queen of the May*."

"I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
Unless you call me loud when the day begins to break,  
And I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,  
For I'm to be *Queen of the May*, mother—I'm to be *Queen of the May*," &c.

Among the reminiscences of the island are these of

#### PUNISHMENTS.

Among many singular old customs of inflicting punishment among the Manks, there was a whimsical one for slander. Any one speaking slanderously against the chief officers of the island (whether spiritual or temporal), or against any of the twenty-four Keys, and who cannot prove the same, shall forfeit 10*l.* and have his ears cut off besides. If a person was convicted of propagating a false report, he was placed on the whipping stocks, with his tongue in a noose of leather, which they called a bridle. After having been thus exposed to view for a certain time, the gag was taken off, when he was obliged to say thrice, "False tongue, thou hast lied." Stealing or cutting bee-hives was "felony to death without valuation." Stealing poultry, robbing gardens, or clipping other people's sheep, &c. was considered felony to death, as aforesaid, but if under the value of sixpence, the culprit was either whipped, or set on a wooden horse.

And these are a few of the

#### MANX SUPERSTITIONS.

The Manks esteem it very unlucky to receive anything given by turning the hand outwards. They will not turn a herring at table, until one side is eaten; they then take away the bone, and eat the rest. They drive a cow, which has just calved, over a burning turf; and when removing from one

habitation to another, a cock is put into the house before the new comers take possession, to thwart the bad wishes of the last inhabitant. They believe, like the Scotch, in "second-sight." It was formerly conceived that families had the second-sight by succession, descending from parents to children, and "the only way to be freed from it is, when a woman hath it herself, and is married to a man that hath it also." Many place great reliance also on the "Evil Eye," and "Spectral Illusions."

*Omoo; or, Adventures in the South Seas.* London, 1847. Murray.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We left Mr. MELVILLE at Tahiti, and we proceed now to some of his adventures there. In his lively manner he describes the

#### MEETING THE MISSIONARIES.

Of a fine evening in Tahiti—but they are all fine evenings there—you may see a bevy of silk bonnets and parasols passing along the Broom-road: perhaps a band of pale, little, white urchins—sickly exotics—and, oftener still, sedate, elderly gentlemen, with canes; at whose appearance the natives, here and there, sink into their huts. These are the missionaries, their wives, and children, taking a family airing. Sometimes, by the bye, they take horse, and ride down to Point Venus and back, a distance of several miles. At this place is settled the only survivor of the first missionaries that landed—an old, white-headed, saint-like man, by the name of Wilson, the father of our friend the consul. The little parties on foot were frequently encountered; and, recalling, as they did, so many pleasant recollections of home and the ladies, I really longed for a dress-coat and beaver, that I might step up and pay my respects. But, situated as I was, this was out of the question. On one occasion, however, I received a kind inquisitive glance from a matron in gingham. Sweet lady! I have not forgotten her: her gown was a plaid. But a glance like hers was not always bestowed. One evening, passing the verandah of a missionary's dwelling, the dame, his wife, and a pretty blond young girl, with ringlets, were sitting there, enjoying the sea-breeze, then coming in, all cool and refreshing, from the spray of the reef. As I approached, the old lady peered hard at me; and her very cap seemed to convey a prim rebuke. The blue, English eyes by her side were also bent on me; but, oh Heavens! what a glance to receive from such a beautiful creature! As for the mob cap, not a fig did I care for it; but to be taken for any thing but a cavalier by the ringleted one, was absolutely unendurable. I resolved on a courteous salute, to shew my good breeding, if nothing more. But happening to wear a sort of turban—hereafter to be particularly alluded to—there was no taking it off and putting it on again with any thing like dignity. At any rate, then, here goes a bow. But another difficulty presented itself; my loose frock was so voluminous, that I doubted whether any spinal curvature would be perceptible. "Good evening, ladies," exclaimed I, at last, advancing winningly; "a delightful air from the sea, ladies." Hysterics and hartshorn! who would have thought it? The young lady screamed, and the old one came near fainting. As for myself, I retreated in double quick time, and scarcely drew breath until safely housed in the Calabooza.

He attended service at one of the churches. It was conducted in a very orderly manner. The singing, in which the whole congregation took part, was not bad. There was a short prayer, then a reading of a chapter from the Tahitian Bible, and then we have this characteristic report of

#### A TAHITIAN SERMON.

"Good friends, I glad to see you; and I very well like to have some talk with you to-day. Good friends, very bad times in Tahiti; it make me weep. Promaree is gone—the island no more yours, but the Wee-Wees (French). Wicked priests here, too; and wicked idols in woman's clothes, and brass chains. Good friends, no you speak, or look at them—but I know you wont—they belong to a set of robbers—the wicked Wee-Wees. Soon these bad men be made to go very quick. Beretance ships of thunder come, and away they go,

But no more 'bout this now. I speak more by by. Good friends, many whale-ships here now; and many bad men come in 'em. No good sailors living—that you know very well. They come here, 'cause they so bad they no keep 'em home. My good little girls, no run after sailors—no go where they go; they harm you. Where they come from no good people talk to 'em—just like dogs. Here, they talk to Pomaree, and drink *arua* with great Poofai. Good friends, this very small island, but very wicked, and very poor; these two go together. Why Beretanee so great? Because that island good island, and send *mickonaree* to poor *kannaka*. In Beretanee, every man rich: plenty things to buy; and plenty things to sell. Houses bigger than Pomaree's, and more grand. Every body, too, ride about in coaches, bigger than hers; and wear fine tappa every day. [Several luxurious appliances of civilization were here enumerated, and described.] Good friends, little to eat left at my house. Schooner from Sydney no bring bag of flour, and *kannaka* no bring pig and fruit enough. *Mickonaree* do great deal for *kannaka*; *kannaka* do little for *mickonaree*. So, good friends, weave plenty of cocoa-nut baskets, fill 'em, and bring 'em to-morrow." Such was the substance of great part of this discourse; and, whatever may be the thought of it, it was specially adapted to the minds of the islanders; who are susceptible to no impressions, except from things palpable, or novel and striking. To them, a dry sermon would be dry indeed. The Tahitians can hardly ever be said to reflect: they are all impulse; and so, instead of expounding dogmas, the missionaries give them the large type, pleasing cuts, and short and easy lessons of the primer. Hence, any thing like a permanent religious impression is seldom or never produced.

The dubious conversion of the natives is curiously illustrated by the following anecdote of some Tahitian girls with whom our author made acquaintance:—

#### A HALF CHRISTIAN.

We dropped in one evening, and found the ladies at home. My long friend engaged his favourites, the two younger girls, at the game of "Now," or hunting a stone under three piles of tappa. For myself, I lounged on a mat with Ideea, the eldest, dallying with her grass fan, and improving my knowledge of Tahitian. The occasion was well adapted to my purpose, and I began, "Ah, Ideea, *mickonaree* oee?" the same as drawing out—"By the bye, Miss Ideea, do you belong to the church?" "Yes, me *mickonaree*," was the reply. But the assertion was at once qualified by certain reservations, so curious, that I cannot forbear their relation. "*Mickonaree ena*" (church member *here*), exclaimed she, laying her hand upon her mouth, and a strong emphasis on the adverb. In the same way, and with similar exclamations, she touched her eyes and hands. This done, her whole air changed in an instant; and she gave me to understand, by unmistakable gestures, that in certain other respects she was not exactly a "*mickonaree*." In short, Ideea was

"A sad good Cristian at the heart—  
A very heathen in the carnal part."

The explanation terminated in a burst of laughter, in which all three sisters joined; and, for fear of looking silly, the doctor and myself. As soon as good-breeding would permit, we took leave.

In a retired valley, called Tamai, they found a more primitive community of natives, which reminded them forcibly of the descriptions of the early voyagers. Here they witnessed

#### A NATIVE DANCE.

We waited impatiently; and at last they came forth. They were arrayed in short tunics of white tappa; with garlands of flowers on their heads. Following them were the duennas, who remained clustering about the house, while the girls advanced a few paces; and, in an instant, two of them, taller than their companions, were standing side by side, in the middle of a ring, formed by the clasped hands of the rest. This movement was made in perfect silence. Presently, the two girls join hands over head; and, crying out, "Ahloo! ahloo!" wave them to and fro. Upon which, the ring begins to circle slowly; the dancers moving sideways, with their arms a little drooping. Soon they quicken their pace; and, at last,

fly round and round; bosoms heaving, hair streaming, flowers dropping, and every sparkling eye circling in what seemed a line of light.

Meanwhile, the pair within are passing and repassing each other incessantly. Inclining sideways, so that their long hair falls far over, they glide this way and that; one foot continually in the air, and their fingers thrown forth, and twirling in the moonbeams. "Ahloo! ahloo!" again cry the dance queens; and, coming together in the middle of the ring, they once more lift up the arch, and stand motionless. "Ahloo! ahloo!" Every link of the circle is broken; and the girls, deeply breathing, stand perfectly still. They pant hard and fast, a moment or two; and then, just as the deep flush is dying away from their faces, slowly recede, all round; thus enlarging the ring. Again the two leaders wave their hands, when the rest pause; and now, far apart, stand in the still moonlight, like a circle of fairies. Presently, raising a strange chant, they softly sway themselves, gradually quickening the movement, until at length, for a few passionate moments, with throbbing bosoms and glowing cheeks, they abandon themselves to all the spirit of the dance, apparently lost to every thing around. But soon subsiding again into the same languid measure as before, they become motionless; and then, reeling forward on all sides, their eyes swimming in their heads, join in one wild chorus, and sink into each other's arms. Such is the Lory-Lory, I think they call it; the dance of the backsliding girls of Tamai.

And this is the graphic picture of

#### A DINNER-PARTY IN IMEEO.

It was just in the middle of the merry, mellow afternoon, that they ushered us to dinner, underneath a green shelter of palm boughs; open all round, and so low at the eaves, that we stooped to enter. Within, the ground was strewn over with aromatic ferns—called "*nahee*" freshly gathered; which, stirred under foot, diffused the sweetest odour. On one side was a row of yellow mats, inwrought with fibres of bark, stained a bright red. Here, seated after the fashion of the Turk, we looked out, over a verdant bank, upon the mild, blue, endless Pacific. So far round had we skirted the island, that the view of Tahiti was now intercepted. Upon the ferns before us, were laid several layers of broad thick "*pooroo*" leaves, lapping over, one upon the other. And upon these were placed, side by side, newly plucked banana leaves, at least two yards in length, and very wide; the stalks were withdrawn, so as to make them lie flat. This green cloth was set out and garnished, in the manner following:—First, a number of "*pooroo*" leaves, by way of plates, were ranged along on one side and by each was a rustic nut-bowl, half-filled with sea-water, and a Tahitian roll, or small bread-fruit, roasted brown. An immense flat calabash, placed in the centre, was heaped up with numberless small packages of moist, steaming leaves: in each was a small fish, baked in the earth, and done to a turn. This pyramid of a dish was flanked on either side by an ornamental calabash. One was brimming with the golden-hued "*poeo*," or pudding, made from the red plantain of the mountains; the other was stacked up with cakes of the Indian turnip, previously macerated in a mortar, kneaded with the milk of the cocoa-nut, and then baked. In the spaces between the three dishes, were piled young cocoa-nuts, stripped of their husks. Their eyes had been opened and enlarged; so that each was a ready-charged goblet. There was a sort of side-cloth in one corner, upon which, in bright buff jackets, lay the fattest of bananas; "*avees*," red-ripe; guavas, with the shadows of their crimson pulp flushing through a transparent skin, and almost coming and going there like blushes; oranges, tinged here and there berry-brown; and great jolly melons, which rolled about in very portliness. Such a heap! All ruddy, ripe, and round—bursting with the good cheer of the tropical soil from which they sprang!

"A land of orchards!" cried the doctor, in a rapture; and he snatched a morsel from a sort of fruit of which gentlemen of the sanguine temperament are remarkably fond; namely, the ripe cherry lips of Miss Day-born, who stood looking on. Marharval allotted seats to his guests; and the meal began. Thinking that his hospitality needed some acknowledgment, I rose, and pledged him in the vegetable wine of the cocoa-nut; merely repeating the ordinary salutation, "*Yar onor boyoeo.*"

Sensible that some compliment, after the fashion of white men, was paid him, with a smile and a courteous flourish of the hand he bade me be seated. No people, however refined, are more easy and graceful in their manners than the Imeese. \* \* \*

The fish were delicious; the manner of cooking them in the ground, preserving all the juices, and rendering them exceedingly sweet and tender. The plantain pudding was almost cloying; the cakes of Indian turnip, quite palatable; and the roasted bread-fruit crisp as toast. During the meal, a native lad walked round and round the party, carrying a long staff of bamboo. This he occasionally tapped upon the cloth before each guest; when a white clotted substance dropped forth, with a savour not unlike that of a curd. This proved to be "Lownee," an excellent relish, prepared from the grated meat of ripe cocoanuts, moistened with cocoa-nut milk and salt water, and kept perfectly tight, until a little past the saccharine stage of fermentation. Throughout the repast there was much lively chatting among the islanders, in which their conversational powers quite exceeded ours. The young ladies, too, showed themselves very expert in the use of their tongues, and contributed much to the gaiety which prevailed. Nor did these lively nymphs suffer the meal to languish; for upon the doctor's throwing himself back, with an air of much satisfaction, they sprang to their feet, and pelted him with oranges and guavas. This, at last, put an end to the entertainment.

The most important vegetable product of the South Sea Islands is

#### THE COCOA-NUT.

Its very aspect is imposing. Asserting its supremacy by an erect and lofty bearing, it may be said to compare with other trees, as man with inferior creatures. The blessings it confers are incalculable. Year after year, the islander reposes beneath its shade, both eating and drinking of its fruit; he thatches his hut with its boughs, and weaves them into baskets to carry his food; he cools himself with a fan platted from the young leaflets, and shields his head from the sun by a bonnet of the leaves: sometimes he clothes himself with the cloth-like substance which wraps round the base of the stalks, whose elastic rods, strung with filberts, are used as a taper. The larger nuts, thinned and polished, furnish him with a beautiful goblet; the smaller ones, with bowls for his pipes: the dry husks kindle his fires; their fibres are twisted into fishing-lines and cords for his canoes. He heals his wounds with a balsam compounded from the juice of the nut; and with the oil extracted from its meat, embalms the bodies of the dead. The noble trunk itself is far from being valueless. Sawed into posts, it upholds the islander's dwelling; converted into charcoal, it cooks his food; and, supported on blocks of stones, rails in his lands. He impels his canoe through the water with a paddle of the wood, and goes to battle with clubs and spears of the same hard material. In pagan Tahiti, a cocoa-nut branch was the symbol of regal authority. Laid upon the sacrifice in the temple, it made the offering sacred; and with it the priests chastised and put to flight the evil spirits which assailed them. The supreme majesty of Oro, the great god of their mythology, was declared in the cocoa-nut log from which his image was rudely carved. Upon one of the Tonga Islands, there stands a living tree, revered itself as a deity. Even upon the Sandwich Islands, the cocoa-palm retains all its ancient reputation; the people there having thought of adopting it as the national emblem. The cocoa-nut is planted as follows:—Selecting a suitable place, you drop into the ground a fully ripe nut, and leave it. In a few days, a thin, lance-like shoot forces itself through a minute hole in the shell, pierces the husk, and soon unfolds three pale-green leaves in the air; while originating, in the same soft white sponge which now completely fills the nut, a pair of fibrous roots, pushing away the stoppers which close two holes in an opposite direction, penetrate the shell, and strike vertically into the ground. A day or two more, and the shell and husk, which in the last and germinating stage of the nut, are so hard that a knife will scarcely make any impression, spontaneously burst by some force within; and, henceforth, the hardy young plant thrives apace; and needing no culture, pruning, or attention of any sort, rapidly arrives at maturity. In four or five years it bears; in twice as many more, it begins to lift its head among the groves, where, waxing strong, it flourishes for near a century. Thus,

as some voyager has said, the man who but drops one of these nuts into the ground, may be said to confer a greater and more certain benefit upon himself and posterity, than many a life's toil in less genial climes. The fruitfulness of the tree is remarkable. As long as it lives, it bears; and without intermission. Two hundred nuts, besides innumerable white blossoms of others, may be seen upon it at one time; and though a whole year is required to bring any one of them to the germinating point, no two, perhaps, are at one time in precisely the same stage of growth.

Now for a cabinet picture of

#### A PARTOOWYE FAMILY.

In one corner, upon a large native couch, elevated upon posts, reclined a nymph, who, half-veiled in her own long hair, had yet to make her toilet for the day. She was the only daughter of Po-Po; and a very beautiful little daughter she was; not more than fourteen; with the most delightful shape—like a bud just blown; and large hazel eyes. They called her Loo; a name rather pretty and genteel, and, therefore, quite appropriate; for a more genteel and lady-like little damsel there was not in all Imeese. She was a cold and haughty young beauty though, this same little Loo, and never deigned to notice us; further than now and then to let her eyes float over our persons, with an expression of indolent indifference. With the tears of the Loohooloo girls hardly dry from their sobbing upon our shoulders, this contemptuous treatment stung us not a little. When we first entered, Po-Po was raking smooth the carpet of dried ferns which had that morning been newly laid; and now that our meal was ready, it was spread on a banana leaf, right upon this fragrant floor. Here we lounged at our ease; eating baked pig and bread-fruit off earthen plates, and using, for the first time in many a long month, real knives and forks. These, as well as other symptoms of refinement, somewhat abated our surprise at the reserve of the little Loo; her parents, doubtless, were magnates in Partoowye, and she herself was an heiress. \* \* \* Evening drawing on, lamps were lighted. They were very simple: the half of a green melon, about one-third full of cocoa-nut oil, and a wick of twisted tappa floating on the surface. As a night lamp, this contrivance cannot be excelled; a soft dreamy light being shed through the transparent rind. As the evening advanced, other members of the household, whom as yet we had not seen, began to drop in. There was a slender young dandy in a gray striped shirt, and whole fathoms of bright figured calico tucked about his waist, and falling to the ground. He wore a new straw hat, also, with three distinct ribbons tied about the crown; one black, one green, and one pink. Shoes or stockings, however, he had none. There were a couple of delicate, olive-checked little girls—twins—with mild eyes and beautiful hair, who ran about the house, half-naked, like a couple of gazelles. They had a brother, somewhat younger—a fine dark boy, with an eye like a woman's. All these were the children of Po-Po, begotten in lawful wedlock. Then there were two or three queer-looking old ladies, who wore shabby mantles of soiled sheeting; which fitted so badly, and withal had such a second-hand look, that I at once put their wearers down as domestic paupers—poor relations, supported by the bounty of My Lady Arfretree. They were sad, meek old bodies; said little, ate less; and either kept their eyes on the ground, or lifted them up deferentially. The semi-civilization of the island must have had something to do with making them what they were. I had almost forgotten Monee, the grinning old man who prepared our meal. His head was a shining, bald globe. He had a round little paunch, and legs like a cat. He was Po-Po's factotum—cook, butler, and climber of the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees; and, added to all else, a mighty favourite with his mistress, with whom he would sit smoking and gossiping by the hour. \* \* \*

Before retiring, the entire household gathered upon the floor; and in their midst, he read aloud a chapter from a Tahitian Bible. Then kneeling with the rest of us, he offered up a prayer. Upon its conclusion, all separated without speaking. These devotions took place regularly every night and morning. Grace, too, was invariably said by this family both before and after eating.

We conclude with the author's account of his



## VISIT TO QUEEN POMAREE.

In answer to our earnest requests to see the queen, we were now conducted to an edifice by far the most spacious in the inclosure. It was at least one hundred and fifty feet in length, very wide, with low eaves, and an exceedingly steep roof of pandannas leaves. There were neither doors nor windows—nothing along the sides but the slight posts supporting the rafters. Between these pos's curtains of fine matting and tappa were rustling all round; some of them were festooned, or partly withdrawn, so as to admit light and air, and afford a glimpse now and then of what was going on within. Pushing aside one of the screens, we entered. The apartment was one immense hall; the long and lofty ridge-pole fluttering with fringed matting and tassels, full forty feet from the ground. Lounges of mats, piled one upon another, extended on either side; while here and there were slight screens, forming as many recesses, where groups of natives—all females—were reclining at their evening meal. As we advanced, these various parties ceased their buzzing, and in explanation of our appearance among them, listened to a few cabalistic words from our guide. The whole scene was a strange one; but what most excited our surprise, was the incongruous assemblage of the most costly objects from all quarters of the globe. Cheek by jowl, they lay beside the rudest native articles, without the slightest attempt at order. Superb writing-desks of rosewood, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl; decanters and goblets of cut glass; embossed volumes of plates; gilded candelabras; sets of globes and mathematical instruments; the finest porcelain; richly mounted sabres and fowling-pieces; laced hats and sumptuous garments of all sorts, with numerous other matters of European manufacture, were strewn about among greasy calabashes half-filled with "poe," rolls of old tappa and matting, paddles and fish-spears, and the ordinary furniture of a Tahitian dwelling. \* \* \* While we were amusing ourselves in this museum of curiosities, our conductor plucked us by the sleeve, and whispered, "Pomaree! Pomaree! aramai kow kow." "She is coming to sup, then," said the doctor, staring in the direction indicated. "What say you, Paul, suppose we step up?" Just then a curtain near by, lifted; and from a private building a few yards distant, the queen entered, unattended. She wore a loose gown of blue silk, with two rich shawls, one red and the other yellow, tied about her neck. Her royal majesty was barefooted. She was about the ordinary size, rather matronly; her features not very handsome; her mouth, voluptuous; but there was a careworn expression in her face, probably attributable to her late misfortunes. From her appearance, one would judge her about forty; but she is not so old. As the queen approached one of the recesses, her attendants hurried up, escorted her in, and smoothed the mats on which she at last reclined. Two girls soon appeared, carrying their mistress's repast; and then, surrounded by cut-glass and porcelain, and jars of sweetmeats and confections, Pomaree Vahine I. the titular Queen of Tahiti, ate fish and poe out of her native calabashes, disdaining either knife or spoon.

## POETRY.

*Dreams: the Dream of a Missionary; the Dream of the Opium Eater; the Dream of Another World.* By OWEN HOWELL, Author of "Westminster Abbey," &c. London, 1847. George Pring Matthews.

THERE is some poetry in this little volume—ideas which speak to the mind, and not merely high-sounding words to tickle the ear. Mr. HOWELL is not without a ray of inspiration; but his verses address themselves to the imagination rather than to the heart. They are indeed very dreamy; and we withdraw from their perusal with a feeling that we have been spectators of a pageant in which we have no concern, rather than the observers of a scene which has excited our human hopes and fears. Mr. HOWELL is, therefore, not a poet in the widest acceptance of the term, as the poet's world is essentially that of the heart; but he possesses some of the qualifications of a poet; and his compositions are considerably above the average of those contained in the pretty volumes of modern poetry which so rapidly succeed each

other on the table of the literary critic. Mr. HOWELL has an eye to external nature in all her forms; he excels in description, and his imagery is occasionally very fine. When he next comes before the public, we recommend him to add to his verses the charm of rhyme, which is much more attractive than the irregular blank verse which he employs in the poems now before us.

We subjoin a few verses from *The Dream of the Opium Eater*, the best of these poems we think—the most happy in conception as well as in execution.

How wonderful is sleep!

What glories are within its black domain!  
Unearthly splendours, solemn festivals,  
Dark prophecies of things to come—a world  
Inhabited by gods and fiends—the dead—

The living—the to live—the future and the past.

How wonderful is sleep,

When it displays imagination's power!  
Erecting airy structures, piling up  
Gigantic towers till they reach the stars;  
Revealing scenes more beautiful to man

Than the majestic earth upon her bosom bears.

And now the fearful drug

With a vast phrenzy sways and swells my mind.  
Great God! what splendours are within the void  
Of beauty and of glory! See—the shapes  
Of angels and of worlds come flashing by;  
Unutterable forms and things, tremendous, strange, and vast.

There's music in the room:

I hear the organ; and its tones are such  
As oft are heard in grey cathedrals,  
Floating majestic down each gothic aisle  
As if they came from heaven—but the sound

In one unearthly swell of awful union ceases.

Millions of voices seem

To join the chorus of a hymn to God.  
Look where the singers come—a spectral host  
Weeping and sad; black dismal crape conceals  
Their phantom faces as they move along;

Tramp! tramp! they onward march, a long-drawn funeral train.

The awful pomps of death—

Banner and torch, and gloomy waving plume—  
In long procession slowly seem to move;  
Vast, endless cavalcades, muffled and black,  
Solemn and mournful, and magnificent;

I hear their hymns of death, and see their torches blaze.

A coffin is borne by—

On which I see Myrilla's name engraved:  
I see them place her in the cold dark grave;  
I hear the earth fall on her coffin-lid.

Again I seem to hear the death-bell toll—

Half-sleeping, yet awake, I live again the past.

Half-sleeping, yet awake,

Imagination has a world wherein she reigns  
Over our reason, and fills up the void  
With creatures and creations of her own,  
A! wonderful and indistinct they seem

To walk within the dark—the shadows of a shade.

Mightiest of drugs—

Opium; I feel thy awful influence,  
A thousand splendid visions fill my soul—  
Theatres and camps, processions, festivals,  
Rich light, then darkness gloomy as midnight,

Darker and darker still—come then and welcome sleep!

## FICTION.

*Memoirs of a Physician.* By ALEXANDER DUMAS.  
Vol. I. London: Symms and Co.

THE new volume of the "Parlor Library," contains the commencement of DUMAS's *Memoirs of a Physician*, translated with spirit and fidelity. The tale so far promises well. It is powerfully conceived and written in the graphic and lively style to which the popularity of this remarkable novelist is mainly due. Report says that he has found a coadjutor in the work, by whom many of the chapters are supplied. If this be so, the similarity of manner is in itself a curiosity; for it is

impossible to detect the changes from one pen to the other.

#### EDUCATION.

*The German Language in One Volume.* By TALCK-LEBAHN. London: A. Black.

NEXT to OLLENDORF, which, from personal experience, we must place above all other systems for acquiring languages, this is by far the best introduction to German that has come under our notice. It is especially adapted for those who desire to educate themselves. The Grammar is clearly and intelligibly written, and every rule is enforced by an exercise. This is followed by specimens of invitations and complimentary notes, the modes of addressing and finishing letters, and an interlineal translation of portions of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and *Rasselas*. A distinct chapter is devoted to the peculiarities of the German language. The story of *Undine* is then given by way of practice in the preceding rules; then a copious vocabulary, and then a key to all the exercises. From this it will be seen that nothing has been neglected which could aid the student, and that a large measure of patronage may be fairly anticipated by the ingenious author. We should certainly place it in the hands of beginners.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, for April. No. XCII opens with a short, but well-reasoned essay on the "Province of Tragedy," BULWER'S *Lucretia* and DICKENS'S *Dombey* illustrating the argument. BULWER'S defence is answered with spirit and ability. *Speculative Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century*, is a review of MORRILL'S volume under that title, by one who has mastered the subject and discourses about it more sagaciously than the author he is criticising. "North Wales and the Lakes," is an article of a lighter kind, and more attractive to the general reader. The next is really a criticism on a tragedy entitled *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, attributed to the joint labours of FLETCHER and SHAKESPEARE. This is followed by another paper of the class for which the *Westminster Review* has obtained great and well-deserved celebrity—we allude to its series of commentaries on Public Buildings and Public Works. The present paper is entitled "Sites for Public Monuments," and handles the question with extraordinary taste, as educated by inspection of the various monuments scattered over Europe. It is illustrated with engravings comparing our monuments with those of other countries, not a little to our own discredit. Some recently promulgated "Theories of Population" are then examined. "The Report on Lighthouses" is the theme of another paper, and an elaborate and powerful article on "Strauss and Parker" closes this review of British Literature. In the Foreign department are noticed many recent publications upon the continent, and among them *Michelet's French Revolution*, the *Private Life of Robespierre*, and the *Journal des Economistes*. A multitude of new books are briefly criticised, and a political postscript completes the number of one of the ablest, most readable, and most instructive of the English reviews.

*The Archaeological Journal*, for March, contains some attractive papers. "The Classification of Bronze Celts" is a curious essay, as illustrating the gradual progress of civilization of the ancient tribes by whom this island was peopled. "Norman Houses at Southampton" is profusely illustrated with beautiful woodcuts of the most remarkable of these buildings. Then there is a short essay on "The Probable Antiquity of the Materials and Implements of Design," and a notice of a valuable old book entitled *Rules for constructing a Pinnacle*, published in 1486 by one MATHIAS RORIEZER. A reading of the "Coins of Canobelin" follows, and then there is an elaborate description of "the Parish Church of Bakewell," illustrated with numerous engravings in the first style of art. A notice of the "Tombs of the De Brohan Family," concludes the more formal papers. A mass of in-

teresting archaeological intelligence and notices of new antiquarian works are appended.

*The Eclectic Review*, for April, maintains its position as the monthly organ of the Trinitarian Dissenters, who may be justly proud of so able a representative. It opens with an article on "Pascal and the Jesuits," and of the same class are the memoir of WILLIAM KNIBB, the missionary, and the eloquent and startling, but, as we continue to think, unjust and impolitic denunciation of the government plan for National Education. It is lamentable to see such a subject made the battle-field of sectarian jealousies. The other articles are on general literature, which is always ably treated in this periodical. They comprise reviews of Landor's works, Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads*, and Carleton's *Black Prophet*. A sound taste and a liberal spirit pervade these criticisms.

*The Oxford and Cambridge Review*, for April, continues its attractive papers on the Churches of London, the present one being devoted to "the Chapels Royal." "The Church in Portugal" is another original topic, containing information not elsewhere to be procured. An essay on "Modern Philosophy" eloquently laments the neglect among us of the higher branches of it, concluding thus—

Of the higher philosophy in this country we have, properly speaking, none. . . . We hardly believe in its existence, and not at all in its utility. . . . And certainly metaphysicians have earned their disrepute. Through all their history they have done nothing but quarrel with one another on first principles and make themselves and their science ridiculous by intruding it into provinces where it was less than useless. The difficulty of metaphysics is the account of its failure. Unlike mathematics, where the mind is assisted by a figure corresponding to and representing the idea, its elements lie among ideas which have no sensible form to express them; and the most painful effort of abstraction is unceasingly required—an effort too great for the resolution of its professors. . . . They have been unfaithful to their trust and unfaithful to themselves; they tried to substantiate their science by materializing it, and assumed that the ideas which God had given them of Himself and of their own souls, were enough to enable them to deduce the method of His working in nature. The laws of mind were confused with the laws of matter, and the fire turned to smoke with the false fuel, and destroyed itself and what it meddled with. With the objects of the senses, as they exist in themselves and not in relation to the mind of man, Metaphysics must for ever remember she has nothing to do. . . . She has a far nobler province; a toil it may be to take possession of it, but it is a right noble toil, and a right noble reward is awaiting it, in the calm unflinching confidence in God. . . . Once taste the blessed cup of knowledge she will give you, and you will bless the hand that led you along the thorny road. Then you will doubt no more, and cannot doubt, for he who has a true idea knows he has it, and knows he knows he has it as surely as when I feel pain I feel I feel it and I feel I feel I feel it. They are but a few truths, a very few, which are exclusively her own, but they are such as when you have them, you have the whole world for your inheritance, "for the secret thereof is in the heart of man." Physical science, history, poetry, they will crowd round you to do homage before their queen, and religion is no more matter of proof, but of clear unclouded insight. . . . Never, if the philosopher is a true man, will there be danger to him of constructing worlds upon hypotheses, and determining what must be the laws which govern phenomena which are beyond him: for his own province is too rich to let him covet any other; he has the universe for his dominions, if not as it is in itself yet in all its bearings on the soul and spirit of man. Passing down along the stream of time, and reaching to the end of it, his science he knows is lost if it hang upon the creatures of time, for its function is to translate the language of change into the language of eternity. . . . So it must be. . . . Some such philosopher we must have among us; and then with his help we will found us a tower on the rock of God, where it lies below the water-flood, and holding fast by him dwell there in blessed peace and watch the untiring rivers rolling by for ever.

An essay on Emigration, a poem, in no way remarkable, called "A Country Curate's Tale," and some short notices of books conclude the number.

*The Gentleman's Magazine* for April, contains the usual reviews of new books, the copious and valuable obituary, the accounts of antiquities, and other matter for which this magazine has enjoyed an existence of nearly a century and a half. There is an engraving of Cotelstone House, in Somerset.

*Dolman's Magazine*, for April, the monthly organ of the Catholics, introduces a "History of the English Convent of







St. Elizabeth, now settled at the Lodge at Taunton." The Editor has contributed a few "Thoughts about Preachers and Preaching." "Irish Landlordism" is the subject of another article, and it is handled with spirit, and tells many wholesome truths. A paper by Mr. PALEY, on "The Real Origin of the Gothic Style," is a valuable addition to his interesting work on that subject reviewed in *THE CRITIC* some months since.

*Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine*, for April, is becoming less theological and more literary. Among the latter class of contributions the most interesting are papers on "Lycia and its Antiquities," on Pascal's "Provincial Letters," and "Scottish Ballads."

*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine*, for April, contains the usual variety of colonial intelligence and articles relating to our huge colonial empire. Dr. TANCRED'S "Letters on the Kafir War," which throw much light on this conflict, and Mr. SHARPE'S description of Sierra Leone, and the surrounding country, are among the most novel topics treated of.

*Half Hours with the Best Authors*, Part I. is the commencement of a serial published and edited by Mr. C. KNIGHT, and which will form an acceptable addition to the library. As its name implies, it is a selection of some of the most beautiful and interesting passages in the works of the best authors, each introduced with a brief biographical and critical notice. It comprises prose and poetry, narrative, essay, oratory, and ranges from the earliest records of English literature, to our own times. We can, with sincerity, commend this work to all our readers: there is none to whom it will not be acceptable, and for family and school reading it will be invaluable. Each extract is intended to occupy about six pages, and the work is to be completed in four volumes, so as to supply half an hour's pleasant and profitable reading for every day in the year. This first part contains extracts from Bishop HALL, MASSINGER, BUTLER, LANDOR, COLERIDGE, CANNING, ADDISON, JEREMY TAYLOR, BACON, SWIFT, GUIZOT, Dr. ARNOTT, CHARLES LAMB, WORDSWORTH, BUFFON, CANNING, GOETHE.

*The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*. Part III.—The new part of this wonderfully cheap work, which comprises the pith, as it were, of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, advances from the word "Alluvium" to "Anna," and is profusely illustrated with engravings. Every house may now have its Cyclopædia at the cost of a few shillings.

*Knight's Farmer's Library and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs*. Part II. continues the account of "The Ox," describing the various breeds, which are illustrated by woodcuts, and thence proceeding to treat of its management, and the diseases to which it is subject.

*Sharpe's London Magazine*, for April, contains the usual attractive articles, original and selected, and comprising romance, essays, and reviews, with poetry intermingled. It is adorned with engravings of great merit, and it is one of the best of the cheap periodicals. Only a very large circulation could defray the cost of its production.

*The People's Journal*, for April, appears to be in nowise injured by the secession of the HOWITTS. It presents a long list of contributors, whose names are known to the reading world; its contents are of the same solid character as before, and its engravings are equally attractive. Miss MARTINEAU is among the most prominent of the contributors, and her "Surveys from the Pyramids" will be read with great interest.

*The Illustrated Shakspeare, with a Memoir* by BARRY CORNWALL. Division II. Orr and Co.—This part of one of the most beautiful editions of SHAKSPEARE ever produced in this country, contains "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Taming of the Shrew," and "The Comedy of Errors." It is adorned with a profusion of engravings, after original designs, by KENNY MEADOWS, and in typography it is a gem.

*Dr. Carpenter's Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science*. Part II. continues the subject of Natural History, written in the familiar and intelligible manner which has made the works of this author so popular, and recommended them to all engaged in task of education.

The third Part of *The Greatest Plague in Life; or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a good Servant*, continues the story with unflagging spirit. It has much fun, and, unhappily, too much truth. GEORGE CRUTCHSHANK'S illustra-

tions are in his best manner, and of themselves worth the cost of the entire number.

*The Book of Entertainment for Old and Young*. Part I.—A new magazine, containing original articles, written with talent, and illustrated with two engravings. The article on "The Middle Classes of England" is remarkable for good sense and eloquence.

*Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical*. By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. Part II. Orr and Co.—A map, two steel engravings, and a multitude of exquisite woodcuts, make this almost a work of art. Dr. WORDSWORTH'S descriptions are written with classic taste, and display profound knowledge of the early history and geography of Greece. To all students of the classics this work will be an invaluable assistant, and it will adorn the drawing-room as much as it will serve the study.

*Mores Catholici; or, Ages of Faith*, Part XXIX. appears to be a book without an end. It is an extraordinary collection of extracts from the fathers.

*The Gallery of Nature: a Pictorial and Descriptive Tour through Creation*. By the Rev. THOMAS MILNER, M.A. Part II. Orr and Co.—This Part of one of the most amusing as well as instructive works which has issued from the press for many years, continues the description of "The Scenery of the Heavens," and is illustrated with a double engraving on steel of the Phases and Movements of the Moon, and another of La Vindu Pass in Peru. In addition to these, numerous woodcuts, in the highest style of art, are scattered among the text. This is precisely the sort of book to be placed in the hands of youth, to give them a taste for the study of Nature, and a general view of the wonders of Creation. Hence no school family or library should be without it.

*The Household Book; or, Practical Recipes*. By Mrs. PIERSON and Others.—A collection of useful, because practical and proved, recipes, at a very trifling price.

*Reynolds's Miscellany*. Part V.—One of the penny periodicals, containing tales and translations by the indefatigable editor, and selections from books, &c. Moreover, it has engravings of considerable merit.

*The Parricide*. By G. W. REYNOLDS. Part III.—How Mr. REYNOLDS continues to produce so many fictions at once is a mystery to us. He rivals DUMAS in fecundity, and often he does not fall far short of him in ability.

*The Proscenium* is a new periodical devoted to the stage. It promises impartiality and independence.

*The People's Dictionary of the Bible*. Part XX. completes the first volume of a work which will fill a void in the library. It is extremely well got up, both in its literature and its engravings.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Settlement and Removal of the Poor Considered*. London: Ollivier, 1847.

AN argument against the Law of Settlement and the Removal of the Poor, a clever contribution to the impending discussions in the Legislature.

*Tales of Adventure by Sea and Land*. London, 1847. Burns.

ONE of those books which equally attract young and old, gentle and simple. To gather these *Tales of Adventure*, the editor has searched the records of all the nations of Europe, and they have been taken alike from civil and from military life, from the exploits and heroism of women as well as of men. We have no doubt that this will prove one of the most popular books that has been offered to the public for many years, and the most acceptable addition to Mr. Burns's cheap and elegant "Select Library."

*On the Site of the Holy Sepulchre, with a Plan of Jerusalem*. By GEORGE FINLAY, K.R.G. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

A LEARNED and laborious essay on a moot-point which has perplexed topographers, but which is really one

of more curiosity than utility, and therefore to those who have interested themselves in it we leave the question and Mr. FINLAY's arguments.

*A Vindication of the Church in Scotland, &c.* By the Rev. JAMES CHRISTIE, M.A. London: Ollivier.

AN eloquent and powerful defence of the Scotch Kirk, in reply to a fierce attack made upon it by the Rev. D. T. K. DRUMMOND. To Scotchmen it will no doubt prove as interesting as it is dull to an Englishman, who cares nothing for the controversy.

## JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A STRANGE act of incendiarism is reported in the *Journal d'Elbeuf*, at an inn at Orival. A rat, spying that a lantern-door against a stable-wall was open, snatched the candle, lighted as it was, between its teeth, and carried it off into the hay-loft; which was soon in a blaze. The fire was, however, speedily got under. What became of the culprit is not recorded.

CANINE ATTACHMENT.—A short time ago, Mr. J. Bell, of Beathwaite Green, sent his man to bring home a pony which he had purchased of Mr. James Holme, of the Strickland Arms, Sizergh Fellside. When the man was bringing the animal away from his former owner, he found that a large dog of the blood-hound breed had accompanied him from the Strickland Arms. The man stopped on the way for a short time at the Duke of York public-house; but upon his attempting to resume his journey, the dog entered a very significant growling protest, which, upon the man's persisting in the attempt, deepened into rather alarming demonstrations of hostility. Apparently, the animal, though he had no objection to his equine companion taking a short journey under his safeguard, had conceived in his doggish mind a suspicion that things were now going rather too far, and that he was really about to lose him. He became at last so furious, that nothing would pacify him until the man was compelled to turn the pony's head the other way, and take him to his former owner.—*Westmoreland Gazette*.

THE EARED GREBE.—On the 1st instant, a very beautiful specimen of this rare bird was shot by Mr. Townsend Passingham, near the Swanpool, Falmouth. This is the rarest of the five species of Grebes found in the British Islands. Colonel Montague, during the many years he devoted to ornithology, was able only to obtain one specimen, and that from this county.—*West Briton*.

REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.—On Saturday evening last several of the inhabitants of Penzance were not a little startled on witnessing an otter marching down Chapel-street with the utmost sang froid. He approached a female, who was unconscious that she was in such company, and by getting in contact with her feet, nearly threw her to the ground. A man who lodged at the Turk's Head Inn brought out a large and powerful bull-dog, when a severe encounter ensued between the dog and the otter, the result of which was for some time doubtful, but ultimately terminated in the death of the latter, which was subsequently purchased by John Richards, Esq. of Poltair, who, we understand, intends presenting it, after it shall have been stuffed, to the Museum.—*West Briton*.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The *Philosophical Magazine* contains an account of a singular snow phenomenon that recently occurred in Orkney. The paper was contributed by Mr. Clouston, of Stromness. "One night a heavy fall of snow took place, which covered the plain to a depth of several inches. 'Upon this pure carpet,' says the writer, 'there rested next morning thousands of large masses of snow, which contrasted strangely with its smooth surface.' These occurred generally in patches from one acre to a hundred in extent, while the clusters were often half a mile asunder. The fields so covered looked as if they had been scattered over with cart-loads of manure, and the latter covered with snow; but on examination, the masses were all found to be cylindrical, like hollow fluted rollers, or ladies' swan-down muffs, bearing a strong resemblance to the latter. The largest measured 34 feet long, and 7 feet in circumference. The centres were nearly, but not quite hollow; and by placing the head within when the sun was bright, the concentric structure of the cylinder was apparent. They did not occur in any of the adjoining parishes, and were limited to a space of about five miles. The first idea as to the origin of these bodies was, that they had fallen from the clouds, and portended some direful calamity. But had they fallen from the atmosphere, their symmetry and loose texture must have been destroyed. The writer, having examined them, was soon convinced that they had been formed by the wind rolling up the snow as boys form snow-balls. Their round form, concentric structure, fluted sur-

face, and position with respect to the weather side of eminences, proved this; and also from the fact of their lying lengthwise, with their sides to the wind; and sometimes their tracks were visible in the snow for twenty or thirty yards in the windward direction, whence they had evidently gathered up their concentric layers. This seems to be the most singular example ever recorded of Boreas making snow-balls."

## JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

HEALTH OF TOWNS—INSURANCE—FRIENDLY SOCIETIES—EDUCATION.

*Familiar Illustrations of the Theory and Practice of Life Assurance.* By W. E. HILLMAN. London, 1847. Pate-man.

A USEFUL little treatise containing every kind of information for popular reading relative to fire and life assurance, explaining the principles, and giving an account of the various offices. Some of the calculations as to the causes of death and the value of life at different ages are extremely curious. Thus it appears from a long series of returns that in the whole population of England 1 in 6 dies of consumption, 1 in 27 of dropsy, 1 in 30 of a violent death, 1 in 44 of water on the brain, 1 in 96 of asthma, 1 in 96 by sudden death, 1 in 100 of apoplexy, 1 in 550 of locked jaw. We commend this little volume to all who feel an interest in the important subject of which it treats.

*The Present Gaol System Deeply Depraving to the Prisoner, &c.* By JOSEPH ADSHEAD.

AN appeal against the existing methods of prison discipline, written with great power, abounding in interesting facts, and suggesting many reforms. We trust that it will be read with attention and respect by those who have the power of curing the evils it describes. Mr. ADSHEAD is entitled to the gratitude of the community for his patriotic efforts.

OVERCROWDING.—In this city, Bern, I had some discourse with the celebrated Dr. Haller. He ascribed the sickness in English goals to their being overcrowded.—*Howard on Prisons*.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF VENTILATION.—This air-pump (Dr. Arnott's double-acting air-pump), was used on board the *Anson*, formerly a seventy-four gun ship, which last year carried out to Australia 500 convicts, a larger number than the Government had ever before ventured to send in one vessel; there were, in addition, 300 troops and the crew; in all about 1,000 persons. The apparatus was worked by one lad; and it was reported that about three times more air was driven in than by the four-wheeled ventilator commonly used, and which required eight men to work it. Only one person, and that an old epileptic, died on the passage; all the others enjoyed singular health during the voyage, and it was remarked, when they landed, that they had fresh complexions, very unlike what was observed in ordinary cases.—*Lecture on the Unhealthiness of Towns, &c.* by R. D. Grainger, esq.

GOOD PAY.—In Aberdeen the streets are swept every day, at an annual cost of 1,400l. and the refuse brings in 2,000l. a year. In Perth the scavenging costs 1,300l. per annum, and the manure sells for 1,730l. Here, then, is a gain of sterling gold—a premium for saving immortal life.—*The Topic*, No. XXXII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A SANATORY INQUIRY IN 1774.—In March 1774, "The House of Commons went into a committee of inquiry into abuses committed in gaols, by detaining persons for their fees. Sir Thomas Clavering, chairman. Dr. Fothergill and Surgeon Potts were called in, and asked their opinions on the gaol-distemper; they said, it proceeded from a number of persons being confined in a close place, and not kept clean; that they recommended, as a preservative, to the courts of judicature, for the prisoners to be well washed before they were brought into court, and clean clothes provided for them to appear in; that they would recommend the prisons to be often cleaned, scraped, whitewashed, and painted; \* \* \* and that hot and cold baths would be of great service in prisons. Mr. Howard, sheriff of Bedford, stated, that at Launceston the keeper, deputy keeper, and ten out of eleven prisoners lay ill of the gaol-distemper; at Monmouth the keeper lay dangerously ill, and three of the prisoners were ill; at Oxford eleven died last year of the small-pox; \* \* \* that the gaols were generally close and confined, the felon wards nasty, dirty, confined, and unhealthy. \* \* \* With regard to felons, their wards were dark, dirty, and small, no way proportioned to the number of unhappy persons confined there; \* \* \* and that the county gaol at Horsham had not for felons, or even for debtors, the least outlet;



but the poor unhappy creatures were ever confined within doors, without the least breath of fresh air. He (Howard) was asked his reasons for visiting the gaols? And answered, that he had seen and heard the distress of gaols, and had an earnest desire to relieve it in his own district as well as others. He was then asked, if it was done at his own expense? He answered, undoubtedly."—*Annual Register*, 1774. [What gaols were in 1774, the houses of the labouring population in town and country are now. There is work for a whole army of Howards here!]

## ART.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

A SECOND visit to the Gallery has served to confirm the impression made by the first. It is a fair representative of the English School of Painting,—excellent in landscape, clever in portraiture of domestic life, weak in historical and the highest class of compositions. And wherefore? Because our artists are possessed of great imitative power, but deficient in the inventive faculty. They can paint admirably well what they see, but they cannot imagine scenes, or, at least, they are unable to embody their imaginations.

As we wander about this gallery every turn of the eye proves these remarks. In landscape, our living artists as far excel the old masters as the latter surpass our contemporaries in the painting of humanity, singly or in groups. In form, in expression, in composition, our artists are alike defective.

One of the best pictures of the year is No. 186, *Chepstow Castle*, a composition by TENNANT; it is a veritable abstract of nature, with a real atmosphere and the scenery of the Wye seen through it.

The work of most pretence in the exhibition is WOOLMER'S *Morning after the Battle of Hastings*, No. 192. It has the effect we have noticed as belonging to the English school. There is undeniable talent in the drawing of each individual figure, but there is a want of keeping in the whole: it is too scattered; the eye does not centre on one spot to which the rest is only an accessory; here every part of the painting is a distinct picture. The subject is a disagreeable one, and it will probably be much praised, but find few bidders.

ZEITLER'S *Water Carriers at Presburg*, No. 200, is a genuine sketch from the life. The bold and effective touches of this artist are shewn to great advantage in this picture. At the distance of a foot it is a smudge; retire three yards, and it seems almost minute in its description of habiliment and feature.

Passing now into the south-east room, we are first attracted by No. 210, *The Wedding Ring*, a graceful composition by J. HOLMES, from which we turn to

No. 216, *Commodore Truncheon reproving Jack Hatchway's Sarcastic Wit*.—It is from the easel of PIDDING, and is marked by his mannerism. But it has more, also, of his peculiar talent than any other of his many contributions of this year. The wooden leg is thrown upwards with a grave comedy that tells the story without the aid of the extract in the catalogue.

No. 227, *Waiting for the Hay Boat*, by JOSX, is a delicious picture, in the happiest manner of the artist, charming for its simplicity, and remarkable for its effect. It is but a waggon loaded with hay, waiting on the bank of a river for the return of the ferry; but the sky is so Cuypp-like, the horses stand so lazily, the landscape is so sunny, and the impression of the scene so soothing, that the eye rests upon it with delight and reverts to it almost unconsciously.

Another clear, fresh, and truthful picture is HOLLAND'S *Herne Bay*, No. 233. The water is crisp and real.

No. 237 is one of HURSTON'S best contributions. *The Mountain Picquet*—two shepherd-boys with two fine dogs. We should like to see this artist trying his hand more often on such subjects. He has almost worn out his Spanish girls.

Below this, and below the line of vision—almost, indeed, out of sight—is a little picture which many will consequently pass unnoticed, but which is full of those traces of genius that please more the more we dwell upon them. It is called *Good Night*, and the artist is Mr. DICKSEE (No. 243). A girl shades a candle with her hand, throwing the light full upon her person, but flinging all round her into deep shadow, save

where the candle-light makes the hand half transparent; and this, and the glow upon the face, are depicted with an effect we have seldom seen equalled. Notwithstanding its position, it was early sold.

No. 245, *The Circassian*, by BAXTER, is a lovely face, beautifully painted.

No. 260 is a *Scene in the Valley of the Esk*, by CLINT, proving that this clever artist can compass land as well as sea, and that many of the effects so telling in his wonderful and vast flats may be advantageously carried inland.

No. 272 is a picture by PYNE, a *Burning Raft descending the Rhine*. It is not one of his happiest works, much better is his *Floating Harbour at Bristol*, No. 295.

ZEITLER'S *Returning from Church*, No. 286, is capital. The story is admirably told. The party, wrapped in their cloaks, stoop forward to breast the rough north-easter, and their blooming cheeks shine out amid the snow and the cloudy atmosphere.

No. 309, *A Peasant-Boy driving Cattle*, by SHAYER, is another picture of considerable ability.

CLATER'S *John Anderson my Joe*, No. 325, impersonates happily that much-caricatured individual. The good old man is just such as we have imagined him.

In the south-west room the first picture that attracts us is No. 334, *The Ruined Choir of the Cathedral at Ennis*, by ANTHONY; a work of singular merit, having all the richness, without the exaggeration of colour in which he too often indulges. A bright sunshine streams in and lights up half the interior, and the contrast of effects upon the masses of ivy are extremely beautiful. It is a picture to be coveted. And so is CLINT'S *East Cliff, Hastings, Early Morning*, where, with the extent of view for which this artist is remarkable, we are presented also with some striking contrasts of light and shade combined with the hues of sunrise.

No. 357, a landscape by BODDINGTON, richly represents *Summer—a Lane in North Wales*. It is a delicious bit of greenery—a true pastoral.

There is much merit, too, in No. 363, *An Interior of a Cave—Smugglers playing Cribbage*, by CLATER. The desperado character is well written upon their faces, even amid the earnestness with which they are devoting themselves to their play. And the accessories are well imagined and nicely painted.

No. 371, *Windsor*, by A. MONTAGUE, is another clever landscape, faithful to nature, and very perfect in its colouring.

But here we must pause again, purposing once more, at least, to return to this exhibition.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The "Hanging Committee" of the Academy, Messrs. Eastlake, Webster, and Herbert, are busily engaged arranging the pictures for the ensuing exhibition. They have both an onerous and a delicate task to perform. The first duty of a Hanging Committee is invariably to reject. "We have more than we have room for," is the yearly exclamation. This accomplished, they have first themselves to serve, then their brethren in the Academy, and then the associates. The line of sight is pretty well engaged by the time the Royal Academicians and associates of the Academy are taken care of. Should a good niche remain, it is given, perhaps, to a favourite student, or the son of an Academician, or just as chance and accident may determine. Then come the undecorated—the many who want the appendage of R.A., or A.R.A. to their names, and who have little to look for but a place above or a place below the line. This well or ill placing is a serious matter where a picture is concerned. Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," the second picture he sent to the Academy, was so ill-placed in the exhibition that it was nearly obscured by a "Blacksmith's Forge" of a Royal Academician immediately adjoining. It behoves the committee, then, to exercise their functions with even-handed justice. In a space too limited to allow of all being well seen, some must be above and some below the line. But what the public pays to see is, the best pictures in the best places—not the members of the Academy in all the good places. There are, we are told, better painters in the Academy than out of it—which is perfectly true; but just as true is it that there are better painters out of the Academy than many that are in it. All we would urge on this year's committee is the principle of giving the best places to the best pictures, and the necessity of abolishing that blackhole of the Academy, called the Octagon Room, where the spectator looks to see a picture in vain, and where the members of the committee "hang up" their opponents to a long three months of unmerited obscurity. There are

pleasing rumours afloat about this year's exhibition. Edwin Landseer has a picture of Van Amburgh between a lion and a tiger,—a commission, we are told, from the Duke of Wellington; Etty, a story of Joan of Arc, painted in three compartments; Mulready, another picture from the Vicar of Wakefield, a commission from Sir Thomas Baring; Mr. Webster, a picture of Village Choristers, a commission from Mr. Sheepshanks; Mr. E. M. Ward, a Scene in 'Change Alley in the time of the South Sea scheme; Mr. Frank Grant, two full-length portraits of Sir Henry Pottinger and Mr. Hudson (the Railway King); Mr. Gibson, a statue of the Queen; and Mr. M'Dowall, a colossal group of the Death of Virginia.—*Daily News*.

### THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

At the HAYMARKET Mrs. NESBITT has reappeared in her favourite character of *Neighbour Constance* in the *Love Chase*. Her reception was most enthusiastic; the house rung with plaudits at the first sound of her merry laugh behind the scenes, and when she stepped upon the stage there was a perfect hurricane of cheers. She played with all her wonted spirit, and looked not a day older. She is announced for twelve nights only, but we trust that her return is permanent. The public cannot spare so good an actress. They will not consent to forget Mrs. NESBITT in Lady BOOTHBY.

At the LYCEUM, a new drama has been successfully produced under the title of *The Creole*. It belongs to the class time out of mind held in honour at the Adelphi. The plot is thus described by one of the daily papers:—The scene is laid in the Mauritius at the early period of the French revolution. A regiment has arrived there, a young officer of which, a *M. de Nyon*, is the proprietor of an estate in the colony. Soon after his arrival he has fallen in love with a Creole girl, with whose history he is unacquainted. There lives on an adjacent estate a man of colour, named *Latour*, who is enamoured with the daughter of a *M. Damiron*, a proprietor of rank, with whom *de Nyon* is intimately connected. *Latour* makes himself acquainted with *de Nyon*, and discovers his affection for *Louise*. On this discovery he resolves to build his own success. He reveals to *de Nyon* that *Louise* is a slave of the estate of which he (*de Nyon*) is proprietor; induces him to sell her to himself, in order that she may be legally freed; and, having thus obtained possession of the prize, turns round upon his acquaintance, and refuses to release *Louise* unless *de Nyon* will obtain for him the hand of *Virginie Damiron*. The sufferings to which the unhappy *Louise* is exposed whilst under *Latour's* influence form a leading feature of the drama. A *vivandière*, however, is her guardian angel. This *Minerva* of humble life has not only taken *Louise* under her protection, but has also thrown her shield over *Bokes*, a Jew dealer in the colony, who, because he is a Jew, is persecuted by its inhabitants. *Bokes* has had dealings with *Latour*, and it transpires, just at the right moment, that the latter has assigned to him all his property. Here is a prospect of release for *Louise*. *Latour*, however, has, it seems, been too deep for the Jew; for, under the law of the Mauritius, no alien can acquire property in slaves, and consequently there was no authority to put *Bokes* in possession of what *Latour* has by deed made over to him. It is at this juncture that *Latour* engages in a duel with a dashing young officer, named *St. Emilion*, who is in love with *Virginie Damiron*. In this duel *Latour* receives his death-blow. As he is expiring, the proclamation of the convention arrives, by which freedom is conferred on all slaves in the colonies of France, and thus *Louise* becomes free, and "virtue is rewarded," though *Bokes* loses his principal and interest. All the characters were well sustained. KEELEY, as the Jew, was richly amusing, and Mrs. KEELEY, as the *vivandière*, full of vivacity and spirit. *Latour* was impersonated by EMERY with careful attention to detail. The scenery and groupings were in good taste. The applause was loud and repeated throughout the performance, and, at the close, author, actors, and manager were called before the curtain. It is from the pen of Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS, one of our most rising and promising dramatists.

At SADLER'S WELLS, the *Tempest* has been brought out with almost the splendour of scenery that distinguish its representation at Covent-Garden. The music is very respectably executed, and the acting is excellent, especially Mr. PHELPS's *Prospero* and Mr. BENNETT's *Caliban*, the latter being quite an effort of genius.

The Easter pieces have continued to run through the present week. There is novelty to be recorded at two only of the theatres.

SPANISH THEATRICALS.—A company of Spanish comedians, singers, and dancers has arrived at Paris: they are giving representations at the Italian theatre, which commenced on the 15th inst. The manager is a M. Lombia, who is also one of the principal actors.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Thursday last we had the gratification of hearing a lecture on animal mechanism, by Mr. JONES. The lecturer introduced his subject by observing, that the public had an excellent opportunity of judging of the ingenuity of man; by the varied and complete machinery deposited in this admirable establishment; but that, although human industry and ingenuity had accomplished much, yet it was far surpassed by Nature's works. The human mind had, for instance, invented the rope, by means of which so much had been done to increase the wealth and advance the intercourse of nations; but the natural rope-manufactory far exceeded it in ingenuity and perfection. He referred to the silk-worm as one great manufacturer, and to the spider as another. The machinery which resulted from human ingenuity was clumsy in its details, and defective in its arrangements; but very different was the machinery employed by Nature. After explaining the mode of spinning, and the substance from which the silk of the worm is manufactured, the lecturer referred to the web of the spider, and explained the wonderful apparatus by which that well-known insect is enabled to construct a thread of some three or four thousand twists, which in delicacy of texture exceeded almost the power of thought to conceive, and precludes the power of language to express. Singular as it might be, many of the discoveries on which the human intellect prided itself were acted upon from time immemorial by the common spider. To it the honour belonged of originating the balloon and the diving-bell. The lecturer wished to advert to the variety of purposes for which Nature intended the film of the spider, but his time would not admit; he therefore deferred that portion of the subject to a future lecture.

### ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.

BY E. W. S. DAVIS,

On a Young Girl, transfixed by the Beauty of the Apollo Belvidere.

As thro' the air, the sculptured God of Fire,  
Wings his shrill shaft, to slay a gazing hart,  
Cleaving the soft light with his eyes' desire,  
All reckless of his arrow's stinging smart;  
Low at his feet there kneels a dreaming maid,  
Looking into his orbs of Parian mould,  
Her lips outstreaming passion—yet afraid  
To cheat her eyes from their dear treasured hold  
On mocking marble.—Gaze, thou fond sweet heart,  
Gaze on that god-like front—that towering dome  
Of noble thought, from mortal thought apart,  
And inspiration's graceful, glorious home!  
Gaze on thy love! Thou dost not gaze alone.  
Dream as thy earthy sisters dream—Awake! thine idol's  
stone!

### JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

A MONUMENT TO LORD BYRON AT MISSOLOGHI is spoken of, to be erected on the site of the now demolished house in which the champion-bard died. The proprietor has offered the ground for the purpose, and a handsome subscription towards the work has been commenced.

GIGANTIC BRIDGES.—The Emperor of Austria has just ordered the erection of a suspension-bridge over the large (combined) arm of the Danube, near Vienna, being about the breadth of the Thames at Woolwich. As, however, several small islands and sandbanks intersect this stream of water, pillars, with stupendous freestone and granite foundations, will be erected thereon. This bridge will be a very essential complement of the great Austrian north line, and an ornament to Vienna and its environs. Mr. Schirn, whose superior skill has been attested by the erection of the suspension-bridge over the Moldau at Prague, is the architect of this new structure. The estimated cost, to be borne by the public purse, is 5,600,000 florins—equivalent to 1,000,000l. English sterling value. Another bridge, of similar dimensions, will be that over the Vistula, on the Prussian Eastern Line from Berlin to Königsberg. It will be the most extensive bridge structure in the world,—that over the Lagoon, at Venice, not excepted. The estimated cost will be 4,000,000 dollars—equaling, as well, 1,000,000l. of English currency.—*The Builder*.

BASLE.—Professor Schönbein, the inventor of gun-cotton, has succeeded in preparing a fluid which may be put to the same use in surgery as the vapour of ether. This preparation has the advantage of being free from the danger to be feared from the use of ether, viz. that of the accidental breaking of the glass apparatus in which the ether is confined.—*Allgemeine Zeitung*, April 2.

